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PRESENTED BY

Burch
No. I.

THE _____

BY

Nonius Nondescript, Esq.

WHAT'S A NAME? "A WORD, AND A WORD MAY BE ABUSED."

Speech of Mr. Burgess.

Washington City:

PUBLISHED BY PISHEY THOMPSON, PENN. AVENUE.

1826.

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THE

No. 1.] WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 18, 1826. [VOL. 1.

The Traveller.

War in each breast, and freedom on each brow.—GOLDSMITH.

I had been in the country not quite twenty years, when, somewhere about New-Year's day last—it might be a few days later—I was struck with a sudden and irresistible impulse to visit Washington. And why should I not?—thought I. If ever I should again cross the Atlantic—and who knows what may come to pass—and any one should ask me—and who knows what questions may be asked—to give a description of the Metropolis of the United States, its length and breadth, and its Capitol, and its Congress, and its Public offices, and its boarding houses, and hacks, and so on—how very silly would my reply sound, “I never was there!”—“What, did you never hear the debates?” “No!”—“Nor see the President's House?” “No!”—“Nor the War Office?” “No!”—“Nor the Treasury?” “No! No!”—“And all that you know of this extensively laid out, and rapidly improving City—all that you know of its situation, society, manners, customs, &c. is only from the report of others?” By this day month, said I, I'll be able to say “No, No,” to that: so I instantly started off to Courtlandt street, paid seven dollars (it ought to have been but five) to go to Philadelphia in the Citizens' Line, returned home, put up half a dozen shirts and accompaniments in my portmanteau, grasped my walking stick, and commenced my journey.

There was just ice enough about the wharves of the North river, to prevent the Steam Boat from plying very early in the morning—that was unfortunate, as I was obliged to cross in a ferry boat, which I dislike at all times, especially in the Winter; but, the morning turned out milder than I had anticipated, and we got over without any difficulty or inconvenience—that was fortunate!

I soon found myself seated in a Coach with four personages—one was an Indian trader from the Choctaw country, another a verbose lawyer, another a presbyterian minister, and the fourth a member of

the House of Representatives, who was travelling to Congress. Accident had grouped the characters so exquisitely, that, before we rose from the breakfast table at Elizabethtown, I had laid myself out for as pleasant a journey as rough roads, concave-topped stages, in which we bravely endured the pelting visitations of three of the elements—earth, air, and water, which entered amongst us through sundry palpable perforations of glass and leather, charitably created for the purpose of ventilation, and all the miseries of spare diet and ample impositions (the traveller's tax from pole to pole, and generation to generation) extreme cold and cold extremities, and sundry other evils which many others have felt, and many others described—I had laid myself out, I say, for as pleasant a journey as all this concatenation of disagreeables would allow.

"Great effects" often arise from trivial causes. The author of "No Fiction" has a page on this subject, in which he *reminds* us that an "irregular passion" in Henry VIII., was the cause of the religious reformation in England; and I have seen the bite of a fly in autumn in a moment destroy all the stoical immobility of countenance into which it had cost a would-be philosopher many an hour's sophistry and many a month's practice to discipline himself. If the dealer in peltry had not laid his hand on a chicken as greedily as if it had been a deer skin before the rest of the party had seated themselves, the silence which had hitherto been unbroken, might have remained so to the end of the journey. But fate decreed otherwise. His fork had already penetrated the narrow interval betwixt the leg and wing of the devoted fowl, when the ejaculation of the Minister—"Stay, sir, let us ask a blessing," fell on the trader's auricles with as dead a weight as Corporal Trim's hat upon the floor, when it so eloquently signified the bodily defunction of his young master. It was brief, as all blessings, *in transitu*, that is to say, while the allotted fifteen minutes are chasing each other down the precipice of time, and the war-whoop of that semi-savage the driver is already "discoursing" to the ear of imagination, must, *perforce*, be, and no sooner was it ended than the lawyer, who had previously made a motion to that effect, served a writ of ejectment on a sausage, and forced it out of possession of the plate where it had been congealing for some ten minutes, and from which it seemed to part with much reluctance. By the time he had accomplished this act of violence, and the minister had served round the coffee (which like every thing else was domestic) and

the member of Congress had buttered a roll, and the trader had severed the limbs of the chicken, a quaker had joined our party, and took his seat by my side.

"I'll thank thee, friend, for a cup of thy coffee," quoth our new acquaintance to the minister, but not until he had taken a survey of the different countenances. "D——n your rye coffee," roared the trader at the same moment, "'tis only fit for a Choctaw—bring me some tea." "Thou dost wrong to swear, friend. In what line dost thou travel?" "In the Citizens' Line, to be sure." "I mean thy line of business." "My business is to trade with the Indians, to buy their skins and furs." "Aye, indeed! Well that's clever, and I dare say it's profitable too. Dost thou give them money for their articles?" "Not much of that." "Devilish little," cried the lawyer, "no, no—whiskey, powder, lead, and rusty iron, at a moderate profit of ten thousand per cent.—eh? Is'nt it so?" The trader made no reply, but he glanced at the lawyer a sidelong look of unutterable malignity. "Poor souls," sighed the presbyterian, "I wish that Congress would interfere more effectually to civilize and christianize them." This was the cue for the member of that body, who was so eager to exhibit himself in his legislative character, that he had well nigh choked himself with a splinter of a merry thought which stuck in his throat; but as soon as he had ridded himself of the impediment, he vociferated, "Sir, we (I am a member of Congress) are occupied with business of more pressing importance: and as for the Indians, why they are a troublesome, expensive, ignorant set of beasts, and it's not worth while to take any pains with them." This unequivocal sentiment in his favor emboldened the trader, who with a triumphant look and a voice of more than his former boldness, roared out, "You're right, sir, you're a sensible gentleman: d——n 'em, shoot 'em, when you can get no more out of them. Only think, sir, of the hundreds of thousands of dollars they have cost us." "And don't thou forget the hundreds of millions of acres that we have had from them in return," quoth the quaker. "What right have we to pay for that?" replied the trader. "What right have we to take it without payment?" said the parson. "The right of conquest, which is recognised by the laws and practices of all nations," rejoined the legislator, "Thou art a greater politician, friend, than I am, doubtless; because it is thy profession; but if thou and thy hired folks were to come and thrust me out of my house and home, dost thou mean to say that thou dost

right, because thou art the stronger?" "No, not so, because I should violate the laws of my country," answered the legislator. "Yes," added the lawyer, "let me see, that would come under the statute of _____." "Never mind the statute," interrupted the quaker, "if turning me out of my farm by conquest give no right at all, but make thee liable to punishment; dost thou not think that there is a statute in the laws of Heaven which thou hast violated, when thou hast taken the property of the Indian, and driven him into the woods, as if he was a wolf or a panther?" "That's not *lex scripta*," quoth the lawyer, "though a good argument might be made in its favour." "It will be adjudged law in the court of Heaven," said the minister. "It may be so," replied the lawyer, "I don't understand the practice there." "I'll tell thee what," continued the quaker, without discomposing a muscle of his countenance, "I think it disgraceful to Congress that they don't make it penal to carry any spirits among the Indians." "You don't understand the business," quoth the trader, "they are fond of it, and will travel a hundred miles to get a pint, and give a horse-load of peltry for a gallon. Consider, sir, (addressing the legislator) what a profit to the United States. Trade, sir, should always be as free as air, or else there's an end of all prosperity." "I think I have read that in a book," answered the member; "at any rate it is worth putting in a book." "If I penetrate your meaning," said the minister, "you intoxicate the Indians *first*, and trade with them afterwards." "That's as it may be," answered the trader, "we are liberal dealers, and don't mind a drop of whiskey. Dry bargains produce no friendships, and where we trade once, we want to trade again."

The *halloo* of the driver here caused an interruption in the conversation. Each of us paid his fifty cents, and hurried to resume his seat in the vehicle which was to roll us over the ice bound paradise of New-Jersey.



The Graves.

Mr. NONDESCRIPT: Although I judge that your projected publication is intended to be principally of a light and merely amusing character, yet, supposing that you would have no objections to insert, occasionally, pieces of a graver cast, I venture to send you the following lines, which, at least, have originality to recommend them. O.

Lines Written in St. John's burying ground, Washington, at the side of the graves of two brothers, Irish emigrants.

Wanderers from Erin's Isle, beneath whose skies
 They first drew breath, and o'er whose dewy meads
 Their infant steps first press'd the verdant turf,
 Hither they came, in manhood's spring, to seek,
 For what is dear to man—denied at home,
 Fair competence, reward of Industry;
 And equal rights, at no proud despot's will
 Given, or withheld; and free to seek their God
 As their forefather sought him. And, perhaps,
 They sought to find a *name* which should not die
 When they were dead. Such, some of Erin's sons
 Have found in this young world of Liberty.
 And on her history's broad and ample page
 They stand conspicuous. Many a page
 Hath she to fill, and many a leaf to turn,
 Yet blank, ere her high destiny be fill'd!
 A beacon, and example to the world
 She stands! *The dread of Kings; the hope of Men!*
 If those, now laid in earth, had such a hope,
 Behold its end, they came, and found—the Grave!
 Perchance in their own land, they left a sire
 Who urged them forth, to make themselves a home
 In this free clime. Seeking the benefit
 Of generations to be born—his seed.
 Himself too old to leave his parent land.
 He, haply, seated by his custom'd hearth,
 Is thinking of his absent sons, and sighs,
 And almost wishes they had not gone forth,
 So much he feels their loss—Yet comforts him
 With the fond hope, that all is well with them;
 And dwelling on the years to come, his thoughts
 Are busy, picturing them successful still
 In all their projects. And, in fancy, sees

Them full of life and health, as last he saw,
 When from his door they turn'd them silently,
 After their last adieus, to seek the port
 Where lay the stately ship, in readiness
 To bear them onward to the chosen land.
 Could he look here, upon these humble graves,
 And know what's laid within, would he not tear
 His aged locks, and cry "my sons! my sons!
 Would I had died for ye!"

But thou, who melancholy by their graves
 Dost sit, indulging pensive thoughts. Canst thou,
 Who numberest twice their years, canst thou believe
 Death is an evil? Death, which comes to all
 Or soon or late. Hath not thy bosom own'd
 A time, when death had been most welcome to thee?
 Alas! alas! what is the happiest life
 When man's awake?—But we have happy dreams
 In youth, ere we have tried the world, or felt
 Our happiness blown from us by a breath;
 Or found that life is all a disappointment.
 This bitter knowledge, those in the cold graves
 Beside thee, never, never now, can taste.
 And quietness is theirs, and peace, and rest.
 Have they not happiness?—Ah! who has more?

J.

The most ungrateful man is generally most loud in his applause of gratitude, and the most sensual in his approval of every virtuous inculcation.—the slanderer lifts up his voice against slander, and the habitual hypocrite will raise his hands in horror at the baseness of hypocrisy:—it is thus, that weak men strive to impose on their fellows, making fools of themselves, as well as knaves, in the very opinions of those on whose folly they attempt to practice. Suspicion is a more latent and dormant dweller in some bosoms than in others, but there is scarcely a heart in which it has not a seat: it is a natural consequence of association with the world.

A proof of the singular capriciousness of human benevolence—mankind will generally reward the man who darts into the flames and saves a child and its mother from destruction; but will suffer both individuals to starve for the want of a guinea.

The Back-woodsman in Washington.

Now, by two headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange matters in her time:

SHAKESPEARE.

MR. NONDESCRIPT: I am a plain back-woodsman, on a first visit to the city, and coming as I do from a section of country where plain people constitute the body of society, and where plain garments, plain eating and drinking, and plain conversations, are held to be the essence of life, you may imagine how strangely my senses were bewildered on arriving at your great Metropolis, where a state of things so exactly opposite was found to prevail. At first, my organs of *wonder and imaginativeness* were so operated upon that I was by no means certain I had not been transported to the moon, and was existing amongst a new order of beings—a people who delighted in *moonshine*; but my senses gradually returned, I sobered down into a rational being, and was soon satisfied as to the indentivity of my situation. The lapse of a few days was sufficient to convince me that I was in truth, and in fact, a sojourner in Washington City, but how I was to get along, how to talk, eat, drink, and dress, so as to be considered any thing else than a prodigy among the gay and gaudily decorated folk of the metropolis, was a puzzling and perplexing question. I very soon discovered myself to be an object of general remark and ridicule, but for a while put on a stern countenance, with a full determination to brave it out. I endured with indifference the significant shrugs of the affectedly wise personages with whom I happened to meet in my perambulations, felt quite easy under the simple grimaces of the Popinjays and Dandies, disregarded alike the merriment and tittering of the little masters and misses, and indeed felt but little disconcerted when even the grown up part of these “best gifts of heaven to man” amused themselves *en passant* at my expense. I knew my appearance was *outré*,—I was well aware too that my homespuns were a new article in the city, and so philosophied my feelings into a state of quiet, as often as they were ruffled or disturbed. But, Mr. Nondescript, it is a difficult matter to be a philosopher in Washington—it seems impracticable to be even moderately wise. For my part I had determined, and I could have sworn the determination would have been irrevocable, to let every thing pass unheeded.

and unregarded ; but when I discovered, as was not unfrequently the case, that the fair, these

“ Stars in the night of man’s adversity,”

were thrown into very eccentric orbits, by reason of the repelling influence of my appearance,—that they actually began to avoid me as if I had been a huge Bear, I was fairly at fault, my philosophy knocked on the head, and some sixty or eighty dollars were as much gone,—as much given to the winds,—as completely out of my control, as if they had never been tied with an Obidiahan knot, in the corner of my Buckskin purse.

“ The women, God bless them, I love them all,”

and could not for my soul bear the idea of being offensive. It was my dress—I was sure it was my dress ; so I determined to become—what do you suppose ?—Why a *fashionable*.

This determination, Mr. Nondescript, was followed by many losses, perplexities and vexations ; it was coeval with a new and an unhappy state of feelings ; I date from that period many an act of folly and indiscretion—but this is becoming unintentionally serious. I determined, as I said, to become a *fashionable*, and accordingly submitted myself to a “ men’s mercer,” (I believe that’s the appellation) for the necessary alteration and improvement. I shall never forget his look of wonder as he eyed, with scrutiny, the home spun coat, which had cost my mother such a deal of trouble in her attempts to fashion it after that brought by our member last year from the city ; nor shall I soon forget his quizzical look as he asked, will you have your clothes made fashionable, sir ? or the look of doubt as to my sanity, when I replied in the affirmative. It was, however, no matter to him how I intended to metamorphose myself, so the tape measure accurately graduated, was skilfully applied, and inches, tenths, and hundredths, were regularly recorded in a book, instead of the old fashioned memoranda made by simple nicks and notches, in a slip of an old newspaper. Lord, thought I, what a perfection there must be !—what a state of science must exist here, when even a Taylor’s memoranda of the dimensions of a pair of breeches had all the *formadilibility* in appearance of a table of Logarithms !—but my astonishment did not cease here, the man of the shears actually done every thing by mathematics.—He

spread the cloth upon his shop board, produced some dozen diagrams, and went to work, with as much gravity as if he had intended to calculate a solar eclipse, project a standard measure, or determine the transit of a planet. Surely, thought I, I shall have a most marvelous suit of clothes.

“Do you wish your pantaloons made plain, or pretty full?” I wish them fashionable, if you please. “Will you have them, sir, in the La Fayette, Jackson, or Bolivar style?”——“After the Cosack, Turkish, or Grecian order?”——“Shall they?”——(I verily expected to hear him ask next whether they should be of the Monandria or Diandria class, or the material of the Laminar, Schistose, or aggregate structure)——“shall they be of Coronation or Inauguration Cassimere?”——I stared——It was all Greek to me, and so,

——“in my impatience,
Answer’d neglectingly, I know not what;”

and was about to leave his shop, (I beg pardon his office) when I was again accosted with, “Will you be so good as to leave your card sir?”——“Your address?”——“Pray where do you lodge?”——Oh, I understand you—I am at the I——Q——Hotel.

I departed from the shop, and as I took a last look at the pompous preparations which were making for my advancement in civilization, experienced a strong inward remonstrance against this first act of indiscretion——I wandered along the Avenue towards my lodgings in a state of abstractedness:—my eyes were directed towards the ground, and at every step, as my substantial *home spun* linsey woolsey trowsers met them, I could foresee the half upraising look of an affectionate Mother, and hear in anticipation her kind admonition:——“Ah, John, it would have been far better, to have bought land with thy savings.” But hang it, thought I, rousing from my reverie, am I not of age?—may I not spend my money as I please? am I not in Washington City? ought I not to be in the fashion? So with reviving reflections of this kind, I stalked boldly forward, had like to got into a *scrape* by running full in the face of a large Creek Chief,——hurried to my room——rang the bell, and cursed the servant, not that he had done amiss, but because I was determined to be in the fashion.

The next morning, according to contract, the new garments were *laid upon the table* (this is a term I learned in the Representative

Hall) for consideration. I looked at my homespuns as they lie huddled in a corner, and could not for my soul suppress feelings of regret at the separation which was about to take place. The thought, however, that I would be an object of general admiration, in my new *trappings*, soon set all to rights again.

The pantaloons, as I afterwards ascertained, were of the Cosack order—they were gathered all round in huge plaits, and so wide withal that the material in one leg (as was proven in fact by a small mistake in an attempt to invest myself with them) would have sufficed, amply for a whole pair!—The coat was found to be a Bolivar frock, and (to use a technical term) was quite the *jam*.

As you must have some idea of the natural sagacity of a back-woodsman, it is unnecessary to inform you, that, by means of my individual genius, I discovered the mode of equipment.—Some little practice was however necessary in the way of walking before I ventured into the street.—Having satisfied myself in this way, and summoned the proper resolution to throw myself into circulation, I sauntered forth again for the office of the scientific Taylor.

My blood still effervesces, when I recollect the sensations which were produced by the presentment of his bill, with a sum total, in saucy looking figures, of \$ 65!!——I thought of a quarter section of land, in one of the new States.—It was an unhappy reflection, but I struggled manfully against it, and subdued it.

The man of the shears received the *splinters* with that peculiar manner, which indicated very plainly that he was *sometimes* accustomed to receiving pay for his labours.—Let me do him the justice however to state, that he first examined with much apparent interest the *fit* of my new clothes. All very well said he, but the pantaloons might have been a small matter larger, and the coat (using all his strength to button it) would have been better a *leatle* tighter. Your pantaloons, continued he, would set much better, by the use of a pair of Webb's patent suspenders. This speech was accompanied by the simultaneous act of whipping down an article as full of noozes and strings as a fisherman's trot line.—You recollect how much depended upon the simple dropping of a hat, in the case of Corporal Trim's account of the demise of his young master.—You have read the description—I shall not attempt to describe the Taylor's skill in this kind of eloquence; but let it suffice to say, it had its full effect.——I tried them on—they actually fit as if they had been made for me,—will

you believe it Mr. Nondescript, they had friction pullies! The first thing which occurred to me was rail roads, and as I am something of a stickler for internal improvements, and a piece of a machinist too, the temptation was irresistible—they cost but two dollars and a half, what was that?

I was delighted with the purchase: a learned Physician (I dare say he was) who happened to be present, assured me, too, that it was the best invention in the world; for, said he, it is in exact coincidence with the mechanism of the human body—the eye, for instance, is moved by tendons passing through just such pullies; not brass to be sure, but they are precisely on the same principle.—No matter what he thought or said, I had paid for them, and had besides, to my great delight, discovered the use of the half dozen extra buttons with which the waistbands of my Cosacks were garnished. I began to consider fashion a very clever matter, but thought I again, as I tied up old Buckskin, it makes horrid alterations in your looks.

I designed, Mr. Nondescript, in the outset, to give you a full account of my “rise and progress” in the fashionable art, and was so silly as to think I could embrace in a single letter, various ideas and notions as to the Ladies of your City, their mode of dress, &c. &c. &c.; but the prolixity of this forbids the fulfilment of the object at this present setting.—I may however trouble you again on the subject, and should I ever get over the shame and mortification, which I still labour under, from having trodden upon the toe of a Young Lady, in an attempt at the President’s levee, to secure an *ice cream*, I may also communicate my notions and opinions of this to me, imposing and unusual *fetc.*

No more at present, but remain yours,

JOHN OUISCONSIN.

N. B. As it is so fashionable here to have a great many names, I would inquire whether, without an act of Congress, I can adopt another for myself.

J. O.

Clara in Washington to Isabel in Illinois.

Dear Isabel; months, just like moments, have pass'd,
 Since together we wander'd and whisper'd our last—
 How opposite now both our paths and our pleasures!—
 You, light as a deer, o'er the wide prairies bounding,
 From nature's rich store-house extracting her treasures;
 While I, sound and sense, noon and midnight confounding,
 Cry "content," if of nature I catch, more's the pity,
 A Peep, when, by chance, she comes into the city.
 And while in the blaze of our Illinois sun,
 Dear Bell, thou art bronzing those features of thine,
 The bleaching collisions of fashion and fun,
 Are giving new langour and paleness to mine!—
 But to quit this dull prosing, and give you a treat,
 Suppose I just sketch you a Washington fete!

Imagine, dear Bell! (for your brain, I protest,
 Must give the last tint when I have painted my best)
 Your Clara, deck'd out in her puce and her pearls,
 Just fit to pass off among passable girls—
 Her Coronet comb, and her *degage* air—
 Which cousin Dick calls of all airs the most winning;
 And he looks so demure when he says it—I swear,
 I can't, Bell, believe against truth he is sinning—
 Her Cantelo corsets, so gracefully lac'd,
 That a wasp might have envied her delicate waist!—
 Imagine her jamm'd betwixt monsters and frights;—
 'Midst a forest of feathers eclipsing the lights,
 Whilst beneath its broad plumage a thousand bright eyes
 Are practising slyly their lessons of lies:
 Imagine—but stay, Bell, no longer to tax,
 And tease your poor fancy—I'll give a few facts.

'Twas on Saturday night when a damp dusky day,
 In a cloud of thick vapour was stealing away,
 A day—such a compound of rheum, rain, and frost,
 As Titus himself would have willingly lost—
 A day—such as spinsters of forty would chuse,
 For want of a beau to coquet with the *blues*.
 'Twas Saturday night—and the hack just at eight,
 As Dick had arranged it, drew up to the gate;
 Then, Bell, came the pleasure—such whipping, such tearing—
 Such cracking—and shouting:—such shrieking—such swearing,
 But how we got thro'—and the fashions and faces,
 And things that we saw at this gayest of places.
 I must leave for another epistle next week,
 For M'Duffie, they tell me, is going to speak;
 And a spark is just waiting, so now, dearest Bell,
 Think a thousand kind wishes, and take my farewell.

CLARA.



Fashionable Notices.

On Monday evening last, Mrs. General Brown entertained a numerous assemblage of citizens and strangers.

Wm. Wirt (the attorney-general) delighted his friends with a brilliant musical entertainment on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Senator Johnstone's rooms were crowded with a large and fashionable party.

The gallery of the House, as well as the floor of the Senate and Supreme Court, have proved quite an attractive lounge for the fashionables during the present week.

Holt & Mules

No. II.

THE _____

BY

Nonius Nondescript, Esq.

WHAT'S A NAME? "A WORD, AND A WORD MAY BE ABUSED."

Speech of Mr. Burgess.

Washington City:

PUBLISHED BY FISHEY THOMPSON, PENN. AVENUE.

1826.



Clara, in Washington, to Isabel, in Illinois.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Two parties to night, Bell, a *social* and *squeeze*!
 What with suppers and balls, concerts, calls, and levees,
 I scarce have a moment to think, I protest,
 Of the habits and haunts that I left in the west.
 For wilderness manners won't answer, my dear,
 In the circles of fashion and politics here,
 Where a wilderness wolf would be scarce less *nouvelle*
 In this region of taste, than a wilderness belle
 With her wavy locks wooing the breezes that spring
 From her own native vales and the streams of the mountain;
 Her buoyant foot fleet as the summer bird's wing,
 Her glancing eye kindled from nature's own fountain.
 But no more to digress—tho' digression, Dick says,
 Is Congressional mode, tho' not Parliament phrase,
 As orators there will, with wondrous facility,
 Discourse you for hours on all themes but the one
 Which the question embraces, and that theme they shun—
 'Tis the length, not the relevance, proves the ability.

When last I left off, Bell, with hopes at full flood,
 We were rushing and rolling thro' vapour and mud,
 Myself in the extacies—Dick in the dumps
 From the conflict that rag'd 'twixt his corns and his pumps.
 Heavens! what a ten minutes! ten minutes? ten hours!
 'Twas sitting on thistles, while dreaming of flowers.
 At length, brightly gleaming the rich moreen thro'
 The lighted up ball room broke full on my view—
 Oh, Bell, what a moment!—such tremors—such fears—
 Such a flush on my face, such a glow in my ears,
 Such a din—such confusion—I scarce know what pass'd
 As Dick hurried me on, till your Clara at last,
 With her hair out of curl—a half fright a half fool—
 Stood full in the front of *La Baronne M——*l.

Could I paint *La Baronne*, Bell, I'd shew you a face,
 Where the soft lines of beauty are blended with grace,
 Or as Dick and I afterwards made out between us,
 The form of a Juno—the smile of a Venus.
 I love all that's French, Bell, French faces—French *fetes*—
 French dresses, French manners, French waiters, French cates—
 I could love the French tongue, were it not that Dufief,
 Has half worn my eyes out with study and grief.
 For even the English *attaches* explode,

The old-fashioned, obsolete, vile—" *How dy'e do ?*"
 (And we, Bell you know, must fall into the mode,)

And adopt the more charming—" *Je suis tout a vous.*"

'Tis expected that English will soon be put down,
 And scouted from all the gay circles in town;
 And then the French dance—had I genius to tell,
 Of the swan like exploits of a young Southern *belle*,
 Thro' the maze of the figure so gracefully ranging,
 Like young Leda herself in the process of changing,
 While her languishing gems were compelled to supply
 Their half eclips'd light from the gleam of her eye.
 And the pearls that encircled her brow like a wreath,
 Were less pure and less white than the forehead beneath.
 And the beautiful bracelet that clung round her wrist,
 Seem'd conscious that nature's best model it kiss'd—
 And shone with new brilliance, rejoic'd to caress,
 An arm which a thousand belles sigh'd to possess.—
 Could I paint you Dick's attitude, Bell, and his glance,
 As he follow'd her movements and steps in the dance,
 As one without faculty, feeling, or thought,
 You'd have sworn, dearest Bell, that the creature was caught.

But the dinner bell rings—I must lay down my pen—
 Take patience, dear Bell, 'till I write you again.

P. S. I just add a P. S. to say the fit's over,
 And Dick, as before, your affectionate lover:

The Back-woodsman in Washington.

John, thou'rt a genius, thou hast some pretence,
I think, to wit,—but hast thou common sense?—CRABBE.

—— they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: SHAKESPEAR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

MR. NONDESCRIPT: Did you ever hear the anecdote of the Yankee Militia Captain, who, in his bare feet, and with no other garments than a tow linen trowsers and shirt, was surprised, while hoeing corn, by the general of his division, who just then happened to be on a visit to him. The story goes, that the Captain, anticipating the friendly intention of his general, ran home by a nigh cut, when, however he had barely time to sling his trusty sword, and mount his three cocked seventy-sixer, when the general arrived at the gate, and thus obliged the bare footed, half clad Captain, to advance without further preparation and make his salute. You may fancy the *tout ensemble* of his figure. You have read the sketch book; imagine then another Ichabod Crane, with a tow linen shirt and trowsers,—an iron hilted sword slung to a greasy buckskin belt,—a three cocked hat with a bright silver eagle, and a smart feather; but no coat, no waistcoat, no stockings,—no shoes.——This, Mr. Nondescript, has been one of my standing stories, and I have often amused myself in fancying the awkward and uncouth figure which the poor Captain must have presented to his commanding officer; but, when I recollect the incongruous condition of my own habiliments a few days since, I am altogether certain that my appearance was every whit as unseemly as that of the Militia Captain's, and as fit an object to excite risibility.

On my first appearance in my new coat and *pants*, I expected, as you know I had previously calculated, that I would command general admiration;—I was indeed an object of more than common attention; but the same disposition to be merry at my expense was still discoverable on every face I met. “Hang it,” thought I, “what in the name of old scratch can be the matter now,” “am I not *à la mode*?”—I examined the buttoning of my coat, pants, and Webb's patents; supposing something might have been wrong; but no, all

was just as it should be, and yet I was evidently exciting, at every step,

“Jests and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles.”——

I was amazed——I had forgotten all along that my equipment was incomplete, and did not for a moment reflect, that my moccasins, and white wool hat, were entirely out of character with my Bolivar frock and Cosack pantaloons. The secret came upon me intuitively, and the proper remedy was soon determined upon. I lost no time in ordering a pair of Jackson boots, with military heels, and secured also, at the first shop which came in my way, a full cut Lafayette hat.

Old *buckskin* suffered a considerable diminution in bulk, as he furnished the *ways* and *means* for this addition to my wardrobe. I could scarcely bear to look at the old *treasury department*, of which I had lately been such an unfaithful *secretary*; but the idea of producing a favourable impression, by means of fine feathers, had got such a complete ascendancy in my mind, that I was verily half angry with the shabby looks of the old fellow, and had well nigh determined to part with him for a dashing purse of silk, or tawdry beads.

Ah! Mr. Nondescript, this is indeed a sad city. How soon we forget old fashioned habits, and old fashioned friends, and in how short a time do we lose sight of reason and our sober senses:—every thing here is done according to a new fashion, and simple fellows like myself, instead of attempting to ape them, would do far better to stay in the back-woods, and to aspire to nothing higher than the office of a militia corporal, or the captaincy of a party at a corn husking. Hang the thing, how I am led from my purpose; have I not determined to be fully in the fashion? How silly then, and how unfashionable too, to be reflecting or moralizing on the subject.

The adoption of the new hat led me into another important secret of the fashions—my hair was not exactly trimm'd to the fashionable *cut*. You must know, or, if you did not infer it from my being a back-woodsman, let me tell you, that my hair was pretty much in a state of nature, very profuse, and to use a technical phrase, always combed with the grain. It required, (so I was told by the hatter) some trimming—I was recommended, at the same time, to a Mr. S—on the Avenue, whose advertisements it is true I had noticed in the papers of the City, but who I supposed, from his offering *curled hair* for sale, was a *matrass maker*. I ventured to suggest a doubt as to

his profession, but the latter was confident on the subject, and so I submitted to his better judgment.

I entered the shop of the hair dresser with new astonishment,—such an exhibition of wigs and scratches; kill beaus, and beau catchers; together with such a congregation of sweet scents, as was perhaps never surpassed in art, all fell upon my senses like the effect of magic—I stood gazing and inhaling sweet odours.—The hair dresser however anticipated my wants, invited me to be seated, and commenced forthwith his snip, snip, operation. “Ah, monsieur,” said he, as he progressed, “you have done much wrong to your head,” *pardonez moi*, but you should never comb your hair with the grain;” “Ah, monsieur, it be one grand mistake!” “What” said I in surprise as I found him coaxing my independent fleece to lie in a different manner from its wonted natural direction, “What in the name of old Harry do you mean?” Must I comb my hair backwards? “*Oui certainement monsieur toujours backwards.*”——Well, thinks I, “thus men grow wiser every day!” who would have believed it? but monsieur can not be wrong, so I submitted patiently to the remaining part of the operation. After some ten or twenty minutes the *bib* was removed from my neck, and I was in full trim for the glass. You know the fashionable style for the hair as worn in your City:—a word as to our backwood fashion, or rather as to my own particular mode. I had suffered the hair of my head, nay even encouraged it, to grow to a great length all over, and had for a year past, with a view to this very visit to the Metropolis, been nurturing the *crop*, and by the use of Bears grease, grape-vine-sap, and other means, had *growed* a most formidable *top knot*. The girls of our neighbourhood sanctioned and approved this style, which in fact was the chief reason for my care and pains in the matter. I must not deny, however, that inasmuch as it added some eight or ten inches to my height, that this circumstance also had its weight.—You are aware, (I repeat it,) Mr. Non-descript, of the fashion of your City *friseurs*, how it is to cut down *top knots*, and to form, by combing the hair in that direction, a great bunch on each side of the face, as if the object was to produce an imitation of Asses ears.—As for myself I was totally unconscious of what had been done, and was no little disconcerted and provoked, at the metamorphosis which had been produced. The mirror was in imitation of a window—the first impression was that an impudent fellow from without was thrusting his face into mine, and the conse-

quence was a sudden start! had I been an Irishman I should have sworn I was not myself. I recovered however from the surprise much sooner than was to have been expected—felt some remorse, it is true, at the loss of my top knot, but reconciled every thing to my feelings by the pleasing dream that all this was the fashion, and that it would only be the means of rendering me an object of greater admiration. It was several days, however, before I could forget my loss, and found myself frequently raising my hand to my head in quest of the lost top knot. I dare say I was often laughed at, I judge so from the sense of awkwardness which always followed the disappointed attempts to find the old acquaintance.—You have often experienced the awkwardness, if not the misery, of taking a step too much or too little, in going up or down stairs, or in setting upon a chair a few inches lower or higher than the one to which you have been accustomed——my case was exactly analagous:—I had so long been in the habit of twisting my fingers through the summit of my top knot, that, notwithstanding its removal, my hand was still directed to the spot where it was wont to find it, and was always withdrawn with that kind of awkward and unpleasant feeling which occupies a man when he is conscious of having done a silly thing.

Take it upon the whole, this Barber business was “the unkindest cut of all,” I did not half like it. My boots, too, I found much less comfortable than my mocasins, they cramped my toes, and with their cursed military heels produced a halting in my gait, which, although it was a pretty good imitation of the movement of a first rate fashionable, made me feel, (whatever may have been my looks) like an ass with hobbles on.—I shall never, no I am certain I shall never, become perfectly reconciled to the military heel’d boots. Let me mention a little accident in relation to the matter. The morning I first used the boots, I was about to descend the stairs from my chamber, when, forsooth, one of the military heels caught in the carpet, and had well nigh precipitated me head long upon a lady who was just at that moment passing at the bottom. She supposed it design, and screamed with great violence; this produced the appearance of a host of men, women, and children, of servants and chamber maids, and amongst the rest her husband, a hot blooded southern who, with violent gestures and

“Full of strange oaths,” ———

talked about caning and cutting off ears,——I felt for a moment as if the blood of my ancestors would not be disgraced.—I was sure if I had only been invested with my homespun that I could have *ticked* him, but when I recollected my condition at the moment, when I looked upon myself, and reflected what a *thing* fashion had made me, I withdrew without an attempt to sustain myself against the threats and abuses of the southern.

“What in the devil’s name is the matter?” said the landlord; “nothing,” replied a frightened servant, “but the gentleman in No. 11 was like *for* to fall down stairs.” “Who in the vengeance is making this noise?” continued he without any regard to the answer; “who the deuce is kicking up this *row*?” “Why, sir,” said another servant in a tremulous tone, “why sir the gentleman in No. 11.”——“who?—the gentleman in No. 11?” ejaculated the boisterous landlord—“I’ll soon shew him which way the gander hops, I’ll send him adrift very quick.”——“What’s the matter? what’s all this fuss about?” inquired a new comer—“nothing,” said some one in the crowd, “but a d—n drunken Indian *cutting up some shines*.”——Fortunately for me, one of those simple sons of the woods had been touching the old monongahela a little too deep, and was just then giving vent to his exilerated spirits by a violent and incessant utterance of Indian jargon, which being something new, proved a means of withdrawing the crowd towards his room; thus leaving me in peace and security in my own——I did not like this affair at all, and for once cursed the fashion with all my heart, and sincerely wished myself free from its pernicious influence. You perceive, Mr. Nondescript, I am somewhat serious, I can’t think of this matter without being so. I hope you will find me more consistent with the new character which I have assumed, when I next write to you—I have a great deal to say yet—bye the bye, do you know I was at a splendid dinner?—I will tell you all about it—but stay, as my paper is full, I must put it off for my next.

yours truly,

J. OUISCONSIN.

Mount Vernon.

Lines written in sight of Mount Vernon.

Down the Potomac's broad and ample wave
We float along in silence, for behold !
The Home, of one whose name hath fill'd the world :
Of Washington ! Who hath not heard of him ?
Embosom'd in the pomp of leafy woods
It stands ; a quiet home, yet draws all eyes
To gaze upon it, and with reverence,
Even the rude boatman ceases with his oar
To trouble the calm waters, and so break
That hallow'd stillness ; and the restless winds
Are hush'd to sleep ; while the declining sun
Glides gently from our sight, its latest beams
Darting in splendour from behind the grove
Which overlooks his grave.

A simple mound of nature's purest green
Contains his sacred dust ;——yet pilgrim feet
“ From the four corners of the earth still come”
To pay their homage there. There late He stood,
The Stranger Guest, whom with such loud acclaim
The nation welcom'd—there he stood and wept.
Oh ! may no hand profane disturb the dust
Of him who sleeps below ; still may he rest
Beneath his own hereditary trees !
And *there* be shed the tributary tear,
And *there* the prayer be breath'd, and the warm wish
Be cherish'd, that the world had more like him.

But see those golden hues begin to fade,
And the wave shines less brightly ; let us take
The pencil, and preserve the lovely scene
Ere the tints die in darkness. Vain the thought,
So swift gray evening follows the sun's flight !
Yet one who gazes now on this fair scene ;
A stranger,—and whose home is far away,
Shall keep remembrance of it in her breast
With all its natural beauties ; and the thoughts,
Which crowd themselves into her busy mind,
Shall oft return, as wandering on the banks
Of her own native river, she may stray
“ Indulging all to thought,”

MR. NONDESCRIPT: I am a frequent looker on, and listener, in the gallery of the House of Representatives, and ever and anon I breathe the more quiescent atmosphere of the Senate chamber. That I am not altogether an inattentive spectator, will be evident from the following sketch taken from the life. Should its insertion, in your new miscellany, prove that you desire a continuance of my efforts, I will, occasionally, send you some other pieces of a similar character.

I am your's,

FEBY. 24, 1826.

Q— in a corner of the Gallery.

Political Sketch.

A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit, regularly free.

THOMSON.

Almost in the centre of the segment of seats on the left hand of the Speaker, there sits a member whose bodily height may scarcely exceed five feet five inches. Disdaining the little arts of some aspirants after fame, whether political or of any other description, who have reached that midway point from which they can just catch a peep at the future, and lose sight of the base ground from which they have ascended, his manner is without pretension, his movements are without affectation. He seldom speaks, except when he is compelled to report and sustain the interesting measures which emanate from the important committee, of which he is a prominent member. When he arises to fulfil this duty it is evident, from his manner, that he considers his effort as the discharge of his duty. His is never a gratuitous and ostentatious display of talent to court approbation, while it consumes time. He never wanders into tropes and figures, to shew that the range of science have been traversed by his industry only for the purpose of embellishing a popular harangue. When they are necessary for chaste ornament, or apt illustration, they come at his beck: they appear without an effort, and never stay to weary the ear of taste. A stream of intellectual vigour and freshness runs through his argument, which, in its overflow, gives futility to meaner words, without impoverishing its native bed.

There is a moral and intellectual majesty in his character, which exhibits itself, not in the tinsel and frippery of sounding words, but in the grasp of his conceptions, in the dauntless and immoveable dignity of his style and manner, and in a felicitous command of phrase and idea. When he enters upon a subject, he never fails to shed light, and seldom to produce conviction. Representing one of the smallest states in the Union, he concentrates in himself, all the aggregated talent of some of the largest. If he has the stature only of a David, and the sling and the stone, he has made his power felt by many a political Goliath : among the Philistines of the House, there are few willing to court an encounter with him. He presents to the eye a felicitous combination of the *suaviter in modo*, and the *fortitudo in re* : his mildness is no less enduring than his courage and his constancy.

If we were to select an example in his life to prove the consistency and constancy of his course, it would be his attachment to the personal and political repetition of one of the candidates for the presidency, previous to the last election. No matter how men may have disagreed on that point ; no matter how fierce the contest may have waged, nor how much the passions of men may have been excited ; the day has passed away, the contest has terminated, the fever has subsided ; the stream of passion has returned to a temperate course, and within the channels which it once overflowed. Our judgments are no longer blinded ; we can discover where attachment was just and meritorious ; where men were firm and consistent. Firmness and consistency were as striking traits in the character of this individual as forbearance and ability. He stood unmoved while the elements around him were in commotion ; it is true, he was lost sight of when the mist of prejudice was impenetrable ; but the vapour has cleared away, and he appears, standing in the same elevated position, with the same unchanged and unchangeable devotion to his friend ; the same constancy of attachment to the public weal, the same disposition to sacrifice all personal interests on the altar of his country. That such a man should appear, amidst the strange progeny of the times, is a redeeming instance. It is calculated to make us feel that political corruption, in the struggles for power, has not yet obliterated all traces of the dignity and purity of human morals. It makes us retain some of that admiration for intellectual capacity, which it is the legitimate property of genius to

create ; but which its too frequent aberrations have had a great tendency to obscure and diminish.

To suppose that the original of this sketch can have retained a seat in the National Legislature, for many years, without having acquired the esteem and respect of all around him, would be to libel either the sound judgment or the good taste of men who hold the confidence of the nation. Respect and esteem have followed in the track of his course ; as naturally as, in the moral order of events, effect follows cause. With respect to the finances of the country, and the principles of political economy, I presume few are more deeply, more judiciously, or more correctly read. He has well prepared himself for the duties of his high official situation in the house, by culling knowledge from every fountain, not only from the speculations of theorists, but from the more useful and available lessons of practical experience : all the results of this extensive reading, combined by a peculiar process of his own gigantic mind, concocted and digested, exhibit themselves in the reports which proceed from his pen, on these interesting subjects, and give a force to his argument when called forth to defend those reports, which renders it irresistible.

Such is the individual whom I have feebly, and very hastily, attempted to sketch. To do any thing like justice to his moral and intellectual character, requires talent and time beyond those which are given to me. If the legislative body were composed of a majority of such men, we should have less unmeaning display of oratory, less passion, less speaking for effect, but a more close and beneficial application to public business. Above all we should never be subjected to those mortifying violations of good grammar and good sense from young members, still unbledged legislators, who cannot put a bridle on that unruly member the tongue, until a knowledge of the rules of the House, and of the assembly of which they form a part, may enable them to speak less, and less inefficiently. Those specimens of oratory never fail to reach the gallery, while the wisest arguments scarcely ever ascend above the level of the Speaker's chair.

It is unnecessary to place a name under my sketch. If any reader does not recognise the original, let him take his seat in the gallery, and survey the House.

GLOSSARY OF CONGRESSIONALISMS.

Entering wedge. An attempt to commit the House on subjects of appropriation.

Hudibrastics. Arguments against the will.

Log rolling. A barter of interests—a *quid pro quo*.

Rock o pumpkin system. An adherence to silly measures, against "new lights."

A few brief remarks. A speech of six hours length.

Ideas—Words.

Words—Ideas.

PANAMA MISSION.

"What is meant by the Panama mission?" said Hans

To a fellow he met, who look'd wonderful cunning,

"This *Pan-ammunition*," said he, "why you dunce,

"Its *priming* to keep up congressional *gunning*."

QUIRKIBUS.

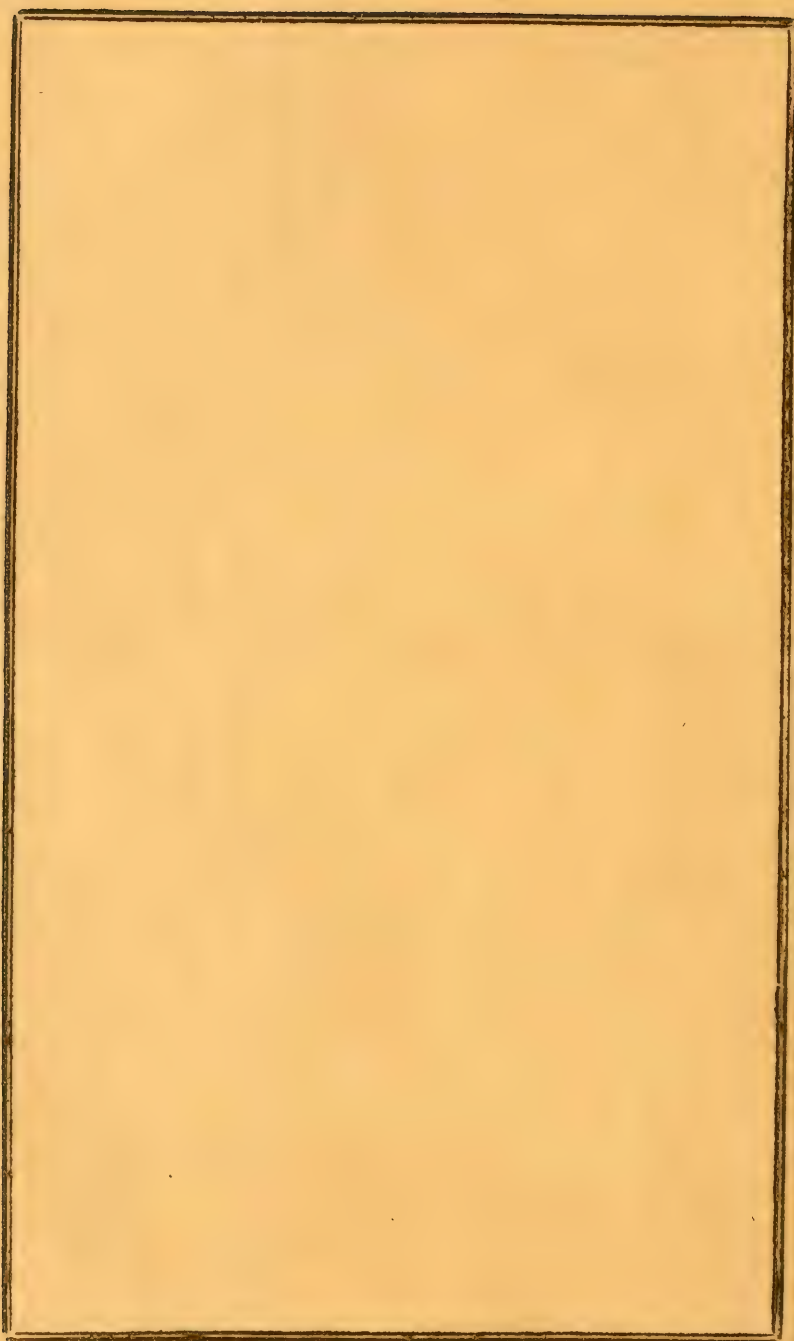
MR. YOUNG TO MISS OLD.

If I love you, when *Old*, and I swear I adore

Every glance from your eye—every lisp of your tongue,

Believe, dearest girl, oh, believe how much more,

My love would increase, could I once make you *Young*.



No. III.

THE _____.

BY

Nonius Nondescript, Esq.

WHAT'S A NAME? "A WORD, AND A WORD MAY BE ABUSED."

Speech of Mr. Burgess.

Washington City:

PUBLISHED BY FISHEY THOMPSON, PENN. AVENUE.

1826.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

Political Sketch.

Claudius a *sage*, and Quirk an *epigram*.

ANONYMOUS.

Not ten miles—I had almost written—not ten seats, south of the member portrayed in my last sketch, side by side, sit two members, who come from the quarter whence we receive the tributary breezes of the N. E. who may well pass for the originals of the above motto. With the *sage* I have nothing to do. The epigram accords more with the character of your work, and better suits my taste.

There is something peculiarly epigrammatic in the physical conformation of this gentleman, as well as in the structure of his mind. His face is keen, and his features are full of points: the glance of his eye, the arrangement of the social muscles; the nipping frostiness of his tone, whenever he commences an excursion into the fields of oratory, are warning indications to all those hapless wights who may have unwarily exposed themselves to his sharp and unerring lash. His very laugh is epigrammatic, and, to crown all, his person is somewhere about the legitimate length of an epigram.

He has received from nature the *raw* material of genius, which, by the power of education, has passed to and fro through the wheels and cylinders of his mind, until it was so tempered and sharpened as to make it proof against all the collisions of time and circumstance. By this process it has received sharpness as well as high finish, so that satire from him,

—“like a polish’d razor, keen,
“Cuts with an edge that’s scarcely felt nor seen.”

This gentleman’s political career is but of recent origin, yet his course has not been obscure. He fixed, in one celebrated encounter, the gaze of wonder, and the glance of admiration. He was pitted against a mighty antagonist, the unknown stripling against the champion of Gath, the political camp was a scene of suspended, breath-

less being ; anxious curiosity cast a spell on the mightiest, the orator sat in mute expectation, the man of business held his newspaper half enveloped in his hand, the very *chair* erred from its exact perpendicular, the "checks and balances" which govern the intercourse between the sergeant-at-arms and the honourable representatives were lost sight of, the clerk endorsing a petition stuck in the middle, and paused at *petit*—the message boys had leaned themselves on the rail of a vacant seat, and the door-keeper—good old man—thought of the awful expectation on the night of the battle of Trenton. The reporters—the historians of ungifted ambition, the annalists of folly and fiction occasionally relieved by eloquence and integrity—carelessly leaned on their elbows, prepared to behold a suicidal effort and trusting to their memory to carry a relic from the ruin, on which to inscribe *memento mori* to warn off future pretenders ; while the auditors in the galleries prepared themselves, like the spectators round a Roman amphitheatre, to behold the immolation of a fellow creature under the sinewy grasp of a gigantic enemy, whose thews and muscles were set and strung for deeds of destruction, and then to depart ; and

" In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire,

" And tell the lamentable tale of *Quirk*,

" And send the hearers weeping to their beds."

The suspense was short—it was the calm before the hurricane. The signal of the encounter was soon sounded in a low, tremulous note, which seemed to bespeak the mercy of one, and the charity of all. There was a drooping of heads among his political friends, and a saucy uprearing of crests among his opponents, which indicated any thing rather than his triumph. But he was, of all, least daunted. The tremulous vibration of voice, was but the faint tremblings of the zephyr which afterwards swells into a tempest—the slight agitation which announces the earthquake—the feeble rumbling which precedes the volcanic explosion. In a few seconds his voice became firm—his deep pathos rivetted attention and enlisted sympathy ; and then it was that he took off the slips from his mind and unmasked the archery of ridicule, pouring in upon his antagonist an efficient fire, against which the buckler of reputation and the breast work of conscious superiority were not proof. The arrows pierced in every

direction : his eye seemed to search out every opening in the panoply of his opponent, and where it had discovered one,

—————" thro' that penetrable part,
"Furious he drove the well directed dart."

It was the triumph of satire. The wounds inflicted were deep, and it was difficult to extract the arrows ; the plough share had torn and ravaged the soil of feeling, and all the friendly affections of the bosom seemed to be rent and uprooted. But time levelled the furrows again, and restored the smooth surface. ——— obtained a reputation which, whether from indolence of habit, a carelessness of fame, or a disinclination to run a tilt at all the *wind mills* in his way, he seems to have taken no great pains to improve.

Adopting the motto,

Arm'd at all points, a motley war I wage,
Against the brainless coxcombs of the age,
Fops, politicians, hunters for a name,
Ungifted fools that gallop after fame,
Men, that from every taint of virtue free,
Afford fair food for satire and for me.

There is a great field open before him. He has excited expectation ; let him fulfil it. He has plucked a wreath for his brow, let him cherish it, lest it drop and wither.

Q— *in a corner of the Gallery.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE ALBUM,

Kept on the Canadian side of the Falls of Niagara.

Bent at thy foaming feet, the Pilgrim hears,
 Awe struck, Niagara ! thy mighty voice
 That o'er the desert for a thousand years
 Has ceaseless shouted ; as it did rejoice
 In its unbounded might.—Nature made choice
 Of thee, to be the token of her power,
 And placed thy dwelling midst a paradise
 Of crag, and wildwood, hill, and isle, and bower,
 And wrought thy snowy robe with tints from every flower.

The rush of mighty waters, is a thing
 We learn from thee alone ; and what the strife
 Of earth's first children, and the Egyptian King,
 When the wild waters warred against their life,
 One of the visions with which youth is rife,
 Is to behold thee ; and to stand, as now
 I stand—within thy misty mantle. Life
 Has nought more grand to shew me than thy brow
 Circled, as with a diadem, by the bright rainbow.

In Nature's darkest gloomiest mood
 She formed the rugged scene,
 Then stood aloft, and viewed the flood
 With sad and troubled mein.
 ——— She smoothed her brow, and sweetly smiled,
 Viewing her wonders o'er,
 And while amid the dashing sheet,
 The rainbow played about her feet,
 She gaily cried
 I'll play such pranks no more.

On Goat Island.

No ! ne'er did the wave in its element steep
 An Island of lovelier charms ;
 It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.

To the Cataract.

Out on your noise ! ye blast it wight,
 Ye break my slumbers ilka night,
 Grinding your tune for very spite,
 Through thick and thin—
 Ye'd make a Christian "pray" outright,
 To hear your din.—

The Back-woodsman in Washington.

In silent ease, at least in silence dine,
Nor one opinion start of food or wine,
Thou know'st that all the science thou can'st boast.
Is of thy father's simple boil and roast.

CRABBE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

MR. NONDESCRIPT: It would have been a fortunate circumstance for me if, in the course of my desultory readings, the above lines had fallen under my eye. The hint contained in them might recently have saved me some pain and confusion. You must know I was at a large dinner the other day, and that my senses were again strangely operated upon by its novelty; it was not, it is true, exactly after the manner of the ancients, but it might as well have been so—so far as respects myself—for the style of the cookery, the manner of serving it up, nay, even the method of eating, was as new to me as if I had all my life been fed out of an ox rack. But, Mr. Nondescript, I must first, before I attempt to describe the dinner, let you know how I happened to be so fortunate as to receive an invitation, and in doing so I shall necessarily be compelled to acquaint you with some further particulars, as to the regular and progressive steps which I am making in the science (I have learned better than to call it art) of fashion.

I told you in my last of the affair of tumbling down stairs, and how the violent threats of the offended Southern had like to have thrown aback all my promising resolutions relative to the new character I had, or was about, to assume. Indeed, Mr. Nondescript, the prospect which then presented itself, momentary as it was, of mangled ears and a broken head, drove from me in an instant the day dreams under which I had been existing, and it was a thousand to one that I would again be resolved into the plain Back-woodsman, that the linsay woolseys would be taken into use, and that the mocasins and white wool hat would once more be restored to the honour of serving my extremes.

In such predicaments it is very natural to form sage resolutions, the inward monitor seems then peculiarly serviceable and prompt in dictating the proper course, but, as I have said before, the climate of your great City is but poorly calculated for the production of philosophic notions, not only it, but every thing else here, is much more

likely to induce folly, and I have unfortunately imbibed too large a portion of the *miasma* to expect, or even hope for, a recovery until I return again, and associate awhile with the unsophisticated sons and daughters of the West. Excuse me for these *digressory* reflections: I know they are not to the purpose; but, Mr. Nondescript, whenever I recollect the circumstance which has led to them; when I call to my "mind's eye" the ferocious and blood thirsty look of the Southern, as he brandished his dirk—a look indicative of his true character,

"Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,"——

it is a perfect damper, a very *blue devil*, to my spirits. It will, I am confident, ever occupy a spot on my "memory's waste:"—his terrifying look will haunt me whilst I live, and will prove to me a much more effective *memento mori*, than all the "death's heads" which were ever thought of.—I beg pardon again, and will now return to the subject of the dinner. I proposed to tell you how I obtained an invitation, and intimated that it would compel me to retrograde a little in my history.

On my arrival in the City I had but three acquaintances, viz: the member of Congress from our district, the stage driver of the accommodation line, and the bar-keeper of the I——Q—— hotel. From the first I received considerable information on the subject of etiquette, and through him made some new acquaintances; the stage driver taught me all that was necessary as to the manner of ordering a hack, and during what kind of weather and upon what occasions it was fashionable to use them; and the bar-keeper led me into many secrets, very much in detail, as to the whole "art, trade, and mystery," of paying and receiving visits, (alias *carding* and being *carded*) of being at home, and not being at home, &c. &c. &c. You will, of course, infer that it had been intimated to me as proper and right, that I should have my card, and knowing my willingness to pursue the paths of fashion, you will as naturally infer that I at once concluded upon having it.—I could not, you know, be a consistent fashionable, however inconsistent the thing is in itself, without it.—

I was directed to a shop on the Penn. Avenue, (every thing fine is to be looked for in this street,) and was informed I could not miss it, as I must have passed the place fifty times;—besides, it was inquired with a kind of surprise—"have you not noticed a *shew window* full of pictures, and a sign with the words "visiting cards for sale?"

Oh, yes, said I, I have seen the sign frequently, but I thought the—I was within an ace of developing my ignorance, but stopped short. There was a period, not many years since, before the invention of some of our present labour saving machines, when it was common for the industrious house wives of the country, to perform manually the operation of preparing wool for the spinning wheel; and I can recollect very well, when it was even as fashionable with them in making their visits, (it was a constant custom with my grand-mother lang syne) to carry a bunch of wool and a pair of cards, as it is with the ladies now a days, in their hours of social intercourse, to have with them a bit of muslin, a little floss cotton, and a pattern of some new fangled cape or collarlet. Will you believe it? I supposed these “visiting cards” to be of the identical kind, used by them, and was not only secretly applauding the ladies of the City for their adherence to a good old custom, but had actually written a long letter to my mother in praise of their industry and profitable habits.

Recollecting the description, I soon found the “visiting card” shop. I entered it with a considerable degree of astonishment,—the walls were bedecked with fine prints, and cabinets filled with packages of cards, occupied the whole of one side. The card vender was an artist, and was engaged when I entered at his engraver’s desk. He exhibited a good natured rubicund countenance, and finding me somewhat curious in matters pertaining to his profession, kindly satisfied me as to all my inquiries. I soon ascertained him to be an universal genius—he talked familiarly on all subjects of difficult mechanism, and I dare say could as easily construct a cuckoo clock, as I could a corn broom. I had partly forgotten my errand, but recollecting myself, I inquired for a pair of visiting cards,—the impression of the wool cards still occupied my mind,—“A pack you mean?” said he. “No, sir,” said I, disposed to be a little *crank*, “I do not want *playing cards*.” “I know that,” rejoined the vender, “but it’s the same thing, you want *plain cards*.” The man was a wag, so I kept in a good humour with him.—I had been informed that it would not do to present a card with your name merely written upon it, but I was not to be persuaded into every folly and extravagance so easily, the suffering condition of old buckskin proved strongly admonitory of a more provident course, and so I referred to the engraver for the truth of the matter; he assured me, upon his veracity, that no card would be received without having the name impressed upon it from an engraved

plate, which you will admit fully justified my ordering a pack or two to be printed.

A single day, only, elapsed until the visiting cards were furnished: nothing now remained but to hire a hack, to seat myself comfortably in it, and to be driven to the residences of such persons as I wished to card. The particulars of this carding business I ascertained to be, to drive to the door of the house intended to be visited, have the bell rung by the coachman, and through him tender a card to the servant who might answer the call of the bell. This was all, and it struck me from the first as being a very simple matter. As to the true object, however, of this apparently senseless ceremony, it was not so easily to be comprehended. Every one, I dare say, who visits in this way, knows what he intends; whether a mark of respect to the individual, or the procuration of an invitation to a dinner or evening party. As to myself, I must candidly acknowledge the latter design to have been the chief actuating cause in my outset; and, by the bye, it is by far the most fashionable motive.

I directed the coachman to stop at all such places as gentlemen were in the habit of visiting, having but one particular place in view that I really cared about. It was a Congressional boarding house, where I was desirous of paying my respects, and making an acquaintance with an old member. He drove to this place first, and the ceremony having been performed *secundum artem*, he was under way again in an instant, for the other places of distinction. "Really," said I to the driver as he drove from the door, "that was a fine looking old servant who received my card." "Servant!! why bless your life your honour, that was the gentleman himself." "The devil it was," said I, "then that cake is dough; how unlucky—I shall be ashamed to see him again." I was quite chagrined, and was just about to order the hack back to my lodgings, with a half determination to burn my cards when I got there, as I discovered that he had driven to the door of a splendid mansion. The bell was rung, and the servant at the door, before I had time to make up my mind—it seemed too late to retract, and another card was accordingly issued. You know my ready acquiescence in every thing which is fashionable, so I suffered myself to be driven around and around, and about and about, through your zig zag, hickelty pickelty, city, until I had expended a full pack of my cards.

After returning to my lodgings, I had a little altercation with the

coachman, who I found was disposed to charge me nearly double the sum to which the regulations of the police entitled him. They are all *tricky* in this respect, and I soon found the necessity of being sharp with them. "What?" said I, "Do you demand two dollars, when the law allows you but one?" "Be sure your honour," replied he good naturedly, "I know as how the *law* allows us only a dollar, but no *gentleman*, may it please you, ever gives us less than we ask."—The fellow was a judge of human nature; he knew me better than I did myself. I was determined at first not to be imposed upon; but could not resist the vanity of being considered a gentleman, and so handed him the two dollars.

Upon retiring to my room, and reflecting upon the occurrences of the day, really I was not certain that all had not been a dream—it seemed so absurd, so senseless and unmeaning. I slept upon the matter, and awakened in a great degree reconciled to it. Ah, Mr. Nondescript, how forcible is the effect of habit and fashion! How soon, and how ——but hang me if you shall catch me in a serious mood again.

If ever you *were* a boy, Mr. Nondescript, I mean if, when you were a boy, you ever set a trap, a snare, or a trot line, you will recollect the delightful anticipations of taking game, and the restless impatience with which you passed the interval between the period of arranging your toils, and that of visiting them to obtain the prizes which might have been secured. I cannot better describe the sensations of hope and anxiety which occupied me for a week, as to the success of my *baits* for *invitations*, than by recalling to your recollection this interesting period of our lives. The first day or two past, as a matter of course, without any returns; some uneasiness commenced on the third, and on the fourth and fifth days, my anxiety was a maximum. On the sixth day I gave up all hopes, and was easy on the subject; a day or two more elapsed when at last, to my great joy, a card and an invitation was left in my room. It was requesting, by a pretty engraved note, "The pleasure of Mr. O—'s company to a dinner at half past 5 o'clock." This was delightful, only there was a little mistake I thought, either as to the hour, or the word dinner—I supposed it was intended to be supper. But it was no matter which, I determined to go, and began to count the hours when, after an interval of three days, that appointed for the dinner, had arrived. I spent the whole day in preparing for it—the servant of the boarding house, (you must know I changed my quarters from the hotel) announced dinner to be

ready. I went as usual to the dining room ; but, instead of sitting down, walked with some consequence up and down the room.—“An’t you going to dine?” Inquired the host. “I dine out to-day,” was my reply—and I am a little ashamed when I recollect that I said it, with a view to excite the envy of my fellow boarders. I soon had cause to regret this little matter : most of them perceived my weakness, and besides, the excitability of appetite produced by the savoury smell, and delectable appearance of some of the dishes, was such as to have occasioned an uneasy sensation during the remainder of the afternoon, to say nothing of the mishaps which befel me at the fashionable dinner, in consequence of having thus tampered with an appetite, alas ! always rather too keen for my comfort or convenience.—At length the period arrived :—I had been in readiness for some hours, and so lost no further time in presenting myself at the hall door of the gentleman’s mansion. The bell was rung,—the porter attended,—I was ushered into the drawing room,—introduced to the party assembled.—made my best bow to the ladies,—looked wise,—made some shrewd remarks about the weather and the influenza,—and in a few minutes was so completely amalgamated with the company, as to feel my situation tolerably easy. You are growing impatient, Mr. Nondescript, about the dinner,—so am I. The dining room is thrown open, so now for it. ———Confound it how unlucky it is, that my paper has run out ; you must really excuse me from saying any thing more on this subject at present. Depend, however, upon my giving a full account of the dinner, and believe me, dear Mr. Nondescript, (am I not getting into a fashionable way of concluding a letter) to be sincerely,

And truly, your’s,

J. OUISCONSIN.

Clara, in Washington, to Isabel, in Illinois.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 18)

“ With tranquil step, and timid downcast glance,
Behold the well-pair'd couple now advance.
In such sweet posture our first Parents mov'd,
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they rov'd ;
Ere yet the Devil, with promise foul and false,
Turn'd their poor heads and taught them how to walse.
One hand grasps her's, the other holds her hip—

* * * * *

For so the Law's laid down by Baron Trip.”

SHERIDAN.

In the lines I have quoted, dear Bell, you may see,
The style of our waltzes hit off to a T.
'Tis all undulation—both music and motion,
Like a far distant strain, or a ship on the ocean—
Or a *dim* and *cres* movement—a rise and a fall—
A *petit dessert*, just to finish the ball.
Oh ! Bell, 'twas delightful to see such forms wreathing,
Their flexible arms to the clarinets breathing !
I long'd to make one—tho' so unlike the caper,
Which custom allows in a vulgar cotillion,—
I'm *au fait* at the step, and my arm is so taper,
You'll scarce (as Dick says) find its match in a million—
But none of the monsters your Clara invited,
So there she stood biting her lips in despair,
'Midst a score of unfortunates, equally slighted,
And sneering and slandering, to drive away care.
To tell you the truth, I'm half dead with *ennui*—
In my French, Bell, I'm making great progress, you see,
Not a conquest—not one!—now and then, a stray clerk—
With his wit all on tiptoe, and visage so smirk,
And his words straggling forth, twixt a whine and a draw
Elicits permission to hand me my shawl,
Or to reach me an ice, not so chilling I vow,
As the creature's starch'd air, and his unmeaning bow.
Protect me just Heaven ! from a creature like that,
Whose head only serves as a block for his hat,
Whose genius all lies in his heels and his toes,
The hue of his gloves, and the cut of his clothes.

Then what chance have I, when such creatures as these,
 Are the only ones here to be pleased with, or please?
 'Tis true there are orators here—and what then,
 When they deign to descend to the level of men,
 There's no getting near them, thro' regiments of belles,
 All circling their idol with barriers of spells,
 While the less favour'd groupe, at a distance may sigh,
 In vain for the glance of the eloquent eye.
 Not a conquest! Not one! Not a monster to swear
 Life hangs on my smile, on my anger despair:—
 To ask the response I should hasten to give,
 And crave of my kindness permission to live.
 In my web, not a captive to struggle and kick,
 Not a creature—a male creature—near me but Dick.

I've just heard a lecture: it seems there's a hole,
 In this half worn-out world of ours, just at the pole,
 Which leads to a climate where cloud never flies,
 Where the girls are all happy, the men are all wise,
 Could you and I ride on the winds, like a fairy,
 And settle down there in some snug little prairie;
 Where the flowers never fade that enamel the plains,
 Where the brook never dries that refreshes the mead,
 And, warbling in pastorals, the spinsters and swains,
 Have them home in the vales where the antelopes feed.
 Oh! Bell, how romantic!—————

————— I've got an *invite*,
 For Dick and myself, to a *social* to night,
 I'll write you, dear Bell, all the gay things I see,
 At the *social* to night, and at Wednesday's *Levee*.

CLARA.



No. IV.

THE _____.

BY

Nonius Nondescript, Esq.

WHAT'S A NAME? "A WORD, AND A WORD MAY BE ABUSED."

Speech of Mr. Burgess.

Washington City:

PUBLISHED BY PISHEY THOMPSON, PENN. AVENUE.

1826.

The Birth-place of the Hero.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui———VIRG.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

And pointing to the mouldering ruins of an humble Cot,
Showed where the Hero first in childhood play'd.

WORDSWORTH.

The sun was dilating in the western sky, and just sinking behind the summit of the Northern Mountain, as I alighted from my horse before the principal Inn of a small village in Berkley county, Virginia. 'Twas one of our finest evenings in June, and every thing seemed to harmonize with the tranquillity of the season. The rosy light that diffused itself o'er the countenances of all I met, imparted a healthy and animated appearance to every one. The business of the day had ceased, and small groups of villagers had collected here and there, indulging their light mirth in peals of laughter, which, ever and anon, came across my ears, as I reclined upon a seat before the Inn, enjoying to the fullest extent the scene before me. But, as twilight disappeared, one by one dropped off, until all was hushed, save the footsteps of some passing figure, and

“The watch Dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind.”

At length a small bell summoned me to supper, and here an assembly of happy faces graced the truly Virginian board. The conversation at first consisted generally in the interchange of civilities, and some light and unimportant dialogues. It was broken into, however, by an elderly person on my right, saying “You do not intend leaving us to night, major?” as he lifted a cup of strong delicious tea to his lips. “Yes, I am obliged to return home this evening,” was the reply of a thin visaged gentleman who sat at the lower extremity of the table, but had now risen preparatory

to his departure. He discovered to me a tall spare figure, somewhat bent with age, and bearing the marks of sixty-odd winters. "I have to cross the mountain to-morrow," he continued—" 'Tis a dreary and lonesome road," interrupted the Landlord, "and none of the safest; your horse though is safefooted?" "Aye that he is," answered the man of sixty-odd, "but I am old now, and both my strength and sight begin to fail me." "For which," continued a silver locked home-spun clad farmer, "you do not thank your old floating hell, the prison ship." "Not much," said the old gentleman laughing; "yet it makes me wish for company across the mountain to-morrow." "Do you cross by the Upper road?" I inquired. "Yes, sir, unless I find company on the Lower," was the reply. I then informed him that I purposed continuing my journey the next day across the mountain, and we might therefore become fellow travellers—to which he assented. And, feeling mutually gratified at the arrangement, it was stipulated that I should accompany him to his residence that evening. We mounted our horses, and, in the course of an hour, passed a small dilapidated log cottage, on which the moon, now rising above the lofty pines, shone in all her splendour. The leaves rustled; and a greater agitation in the thick brambles, than that produced by the light breeze of the evening, was evident. My companion and myself intuitively turned in the direction of the noise, when there rushed by the ruins and across our road, a full grown Buck in all his native grandeur, and in another moment he was lost in the dark forest on our left, leaving no vestige of his existence, save the crackling of the branches that impeded his bounds. "That fellow is an old acquaintance of mine," observed my companion; "I have known him for eleven years, and he's never two miles from that tottering hut—Did you remark the building?" I answered in the affirmative, but turned my head in the direction he pointed, and took a survey of the whole scene. An aged oak spread its branches over the mossy ruins, apparently sheltering them from the rude and eradicating storms. In the rear, and bursting from the thick foliated wood, the North Mountain seemed to lift its rugged features, and pierce the clouds that gathered in the Western sky. "That must have been the residence of some of the first settlers of this country?" I remarked. "It was," replied my companion, "and the ancestors of one you little imagine."

“ In the year 1753, or 59, an indigent, but honest and industrious, family, consisting of a father, mother, son, and two daughters, located themselves upon and cultivated the little farm which was then attached to that dwelling. It was their only means of subsistence, and, with proper economy and exertion, they not only provided themselves with the common necessities of life, but laid up in store for the future. They were all sincerely beloved by their surrounding neighbours, and whoever visited their fire-side after the toils of the day, found it surrounded by the countenances of cheerfulness and contentment. One evening, in the spring of the year 1765, they had all assembled around the bright blaze of a large oak fire, when a gentle tap was heard at the door—“ Andy,” said the patriarch of this little circle to his son, a youth of the finest form and stature, just entering his twenty-first year, “ see who’s there.” He arose and, opening the door, admitted a smiling, rosy checked, interesting girl, apparently about eighteen years of age; she extended her hand as she crossed the floor, which was taken by the old matron, as she exclaimed, “ Ah! is it you, Susan, we’re glad to see you, be seated Sue.” “ I thought you had forgotten us,” said the old man, “ and Andy there was fearful you were sick.” “ Stir the fire, Thomas,” said the matron to her husband, “ And let me see how my pretty Sue looks; why bless me, dear, you are as sweet as a fawn, and your skin’s as smooth as my changeable.” “ Poor Kitty—I fear—will not find her’s so smooth when she gets well,” said Susan. “ And is she ailing?” inquired one of the little girls. “ She has the small pox, and I’m glad I was ’noc’lated before we moved up here,” replied Susan. “ I have not, nor have any of the family ever, been inoculated,” said the son. “ And I fear we will suffer if the complaint has got in the neighbourhood,” rejoined the father. “ If it takes you,” continued Susan, “ I can nurse you, and will, for none of our family will have it.”

“ The fact was, that dreadful malady had made its appearance in the country, and subsequently severely afflicted it: nor did this interesting family escape, but, on the contrary, suffered all the characteristic virulence of the disease. Their feverish cheeks were however often fanned, and their pillow smoothed, by such of their sympathising neighbours as were not similarly afflicted.—Susan, as she had promised, was their almost constant attendant.

performing all the offices of kindness with the most tender assiduity, until their recovery. Their grateful hearts, and reiterated thanks, were to her more than ample compensation ; but other than feelings of gratitude had taken root in the bosom of the son, and he soon sought an opportunity to disclose the situation of his heart, which, when he did, met with no affected surprise in her, but a candid acknowledgement of reciprocal feeling. "I need not," continued my companion, "enumerate or describe to you the many scenes of love and courtship between them, but rest contented with informing you, that both sincerely and ardently loved, and were married. He took her to the bosom of his father's family, where she daily discovered new traits of endearment, and was a large contributor to their happiness, until the year 1787, when the birth of her son, whom they called Andrew, was to them another source of felicity. About this time, however, the tide of emigration was making to North-Carolina, a tract of country, now embraced by that State and Tennessee, and in the course of eighteen months, or two years, subsequent to the birth of young Andrew, the hoary headed Thomas, with all his children, joined the throng."

"We have no authentic information as to the fate of Thomas and Andy (Andrew), but report reached us that they, and some of the female part of the family, were massacred by a band of hostile Indians."

"Young Andrew lived—the name of this family was Jackson, and that ruined dwelling is the native habitation of General Andrew Jackson."

FROM MELENBURG, ON THE KO-HON-GO ROO-TA.

The Back-woodsman in Washington.

—“Some people would give more to know how Caesar ate and spent his evenings, than how he spoke in the Senate chamber, or fought in the field.”

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

MR. NONDESCRIPT : I informed you, sometime ago, of the good fortune I had in receiving an invitation to a dinner, and in my last you were apprised of my determination to be a guest. You will recollect that I was first ushered into the drawing room, and that “then and there” I made my respects to the gentlemen, and bow to the ladies.

The party consisted of a few Senators, some eight or ten Members of Congress, two Governors, two or three Generals, a Commodore, an Indian agent, and four or five plain citizens, besides the gentlemen and ladies of the family. The gentlemen were all clad in *court dresses*, as I soon learned to my mortification, inasmuch as my Bolivar frock, of which, by the by, I was not a little proud, formed no part of what it seems was the fashionable costume worn on such occasions,——nothing but a body coat would do, and I was the only person who appeared in a different kind. I noticed, soon after entering the room, frequent odd squintings at my fashionable *street* coat, but did not at first dream that it was a forbidden garment in the *hall*. I supposed that the sly looks directed towards me, and especially as the ladies seemed most concerned, were only an indulgence of the natural curiosity, which exists here to a considerable extent, in relation to the animal y’cleped a Back-Woodsman, and felt, while under this mistake, rather flattered than otherwise.

The Banquet was announced to be ready, not by the “firing of cannon, and ringing of bells,” but by what a Kentuckian would call a d——n’d splendid waiter. The hour was after candle lighting, and the impression, that it would turn out a supping affair, instead of a dinner, still occupied my mind ;—but no matter which, I was ready for either,—nay, even anxious to gratify an appetite which had not yet become *fashionized* to the Metropolitan hours of dining. The savoury smells issuing from the dining room were inhaled

with delightful anticipations—they rendered me quite restive, and yet I dreaded, and I could not tell why, to enter. It was going to be a trial to me, I knew so before hand, but still I had the temerity to determine upon the thing *sans peur*, and regardless of all consequences. You must admit, Mr. Nondescript, that it was a bold venture, in a fellow like me, who had never been at a repast of a superior grade, to that of a village fourth of July, a harvest home, or a country corn husking. It was an affair——

——“Small to others, but great to me,”

——in itself, and to all others who were present, a matter of no great moment, but of consequence to myself. I was sensible how much my future success in the fashionable world depended upon the manner in which I might acquit myself, and am confident that many a member, in making his maiden speech, rose in the splendid representative hall, before the congregated talents of the nation, with less awe or apprehension than I experienced, as I sat down to so usual a festival as a dinner at the house of a rich citizen.

I entered the room with “fear and trembling,” and saw nothing, sensibly, for some moments. The table groaned under dishes of roasts and stews, and smoked like the furnace of a salt works. I found myself seated for some minutes before I was conscious of the nature of things about me; the first object which I perceived distinctly, perplexed me greatly, as it was immediately connected with the part I was to take in the festival. It was the plate which happened to fall to my lot—I looked around, all the rest were bedecked in the same manner; it was covered with a large napkin, very artificially arranged into a little kind of *nest*, in which was deposited a roll or rusk. *This* I conjectured was placed there to be eaten, but my sagacity was completely at fault as respected the *napkin*.——What could it mean? Surely so much pains could not have been taken in arranging these ingenious little nests for nothing!

I once read of a great dinner, at which a boy carried round a silver basket, and at the same time sang the praises of horse radish as a sauce;——where the principal carver wore a long beard, had his legs covered with splatterdashes or leggings, and was dressed like a hunter. and where, on attempting to carve a roasted hog, an opening was produced in its side, from which flew a covey of

Thrushes, which bird catchers, ready for the occasion, caught and presented to the guests, and which in fact was conducted throughout with tricks and devices of the kind.——But this was in ancient times, and it is even not a settled question whether the whole affair was not intended to ridicule the silly fashions then prevalent.——Surely, thought I, the *napkin nests* cannot be an attempt at any thing of this kind; still, however, I was unable to decide what to do with the one before me;—I looked, I have no doubt, sheepishly, first to the right, and then to the left, until I was satisfied as to the propriety of doing so, when I whipped mine down upon my lap—I did this with something of an air, the effect of which was, however, in some measure destroyed, by the upsetting of two or three wine glasses which were placed near my plate.

Thus, Mr. Nondescript, I was acquiring confidence, as I progressed another step, but was again at fault so soon as I had cleared my plate.——My craving appetite began seriously to demand something, but I was at a loss how to have my plate supplied.—The room swarmed with attentive servants, and the table was filled with dishes of meats, soups, and sauces—they all looked enticing—all seemed savoury; but they presented themselves

——“In such questionable shapes,”

that, confound me, if I knew what to ask for. I looked round the vast congregation of meats and vegetables. All, save one or two articles, were utter strangers to me. I recognized a couple of old acquaintances in my hurried *reconnoissance* of the table, viz: bacon and cabbage, and as a servant, that moment, inquired what I would be helped to,—it was very natural to name them. The fellow helped me sparingly, at least I thought so, and I was just about to demand a new supply, when I was accosted by the gentleman on the right, “pray sir let me help you to some of the Perigord pie?” “will you have an Omelette?” asked the gentleman on the left,—“some of the Fricasee?” inquired another,—“a Canvass Back Duck?” asked the lady of the hospitable entertainer. These requests were simultaneous, and confounding good luck—not presence of mind, for my senses were completely scattered—led me to accept the offer of the lady. I’ll swear, Mr. Nondescript, she sent me a whole duck! What was I to do with it, I blushed, I am

sure I did, for my face was as hot as a lime kiln;—I blushed profusely. “Will you have some dressing?” asked one of the servants; “some jelly?”—“some mustard?”—“carach sauce?” “what shall I give you sir?” I took some jelly to get rid of the fellow,—cut a few slices off the duck, and was about to enjoy it, when I was solicited by another servant to have my plate changed;—I acquiesced unwittingly, and the duck was borne out of my sight before I had had an opportunity of tasting it. A clean plate was returned in an instant, and hunger having, in some measure, “made me bold,” I seized upon a dish near me and helped myself plentifully; it was something after the fashion of a back country chicken pye,” and suited my taste admirably,—I was sure I would now make amends for my former delays and disappointments, but it seemed as if ill luck was to befall me continually—an invitation by a gentleman near me, to take a glass of wine with him, and the necessary formalities connected with this ceremony, (I had to learn them all,) took my attention for a minute from my plate, and when I was about to resume my knife and fork, it was gone!—It had been exchanged for a clean plate, and I had all the trouble to go over again of supplying it—I cast about in search of some favourite dish, but most of the *substantials* had been removed, and fish were next presented, while at the same time a peculiar kind of four pronged silver fork was placed before each guest;—a servant was at my elbow, and I suffered him to help me; but as I was in some doubt as to the true use of the four pronged fork, I waited until I perceived them used generally by the guests.

You may smile, or be serious, as you please, Mr. Nondescript, but I'll be switch'd if it's a very easy matter to eat with a four pronged fork. I pride myself considerably upon the facility and aptency with which I take up new habits, or acquire the use of a new implement;—I could not however get along with the four pronged fork. The very first attempt to use it, proved so totally unsuccessful that I determined to lay it aside. My first essay to secure a mouthful of the fish proved abortive, the prongs of the confounded fork were not intended to be used in the usual way, and as I was elevating it towards my face, off it slipped,—(it was well oil'd recollect with drawn butter,)—and secured a lodgement in my coat sleeve. No one, I supposed, observed the mishap, and I accordingly lowered my arm, so as to drop it upon the floor.

I was mistaken, a wary servant, as I discovered, first by his tittering, and afterwards by his removal of the lost mouthful, saw the whole affair. I did not attempt to partake any further of the fish, until I perceived an old gentleman exchange his *four prong* for a common fork, and following his example I did very well; but, in order to keep in time with the rest of the party, was compelled again to change my plate. This was very provoking, I had thus far only obtained a few mouthfull of substantial food, and most of the courses had gone by. I began to regret my folly, in omitting to take a *cut* before I left my boarding house, as I was now seriously apprehensive I should not have an opportunity, what ever I might see of the customs of the time, of satisfying the strong cravings of my appetite. "Will you be so good sir as to help me to some of the macaroni?" My blood thrilled through my whole system as I was asked to do this little matter. Macaroni! macaroni!—what, thought I, can it be? as I glanced crazily around the table; I supposed from the demand being made of me, that the macaroni was near me, and so dashed fearlessly into the first dish which came under my notice. My hair stood an end as I perceived that I had made a mistake—"by mine honour," Mr. Nondescript, I gave him noodles!—the very identical slips of dough y'cleped *lang syne*, noodles. Yes, they were noodles, nothing more nor less than simple noodles. The gentleman partook of them as if all had been right, and verily so it was; I ascertained, by a request from another quarter, that, after all my disorder and mortification, I was right; and, I mention it for the benefit of those who are seeking after knowledge in fashionable affairs—that noodles are now popularly denominated macaroni!!

This, Mr. Nondescript, may serve to give you a faint idea of what I shall denominate the first section of the Banquet!—I must reserve for another time the continuance of this important relation, as I cannot now detail the various after courses which were brought up in regular succession, describe the manner in which the banquet progressed, tell you of the flavour and taste of some of the new fashioned cookeries, "if taste it might be called, that taste had none," or let you know any thing about the *wineing down* or *winding up* of the affair. By the way, before the wine circulated too freely, I heard various wise reflections, gravely ad-

vanced by some of the graver guests, all of which I have recollected and must tell you, but

“Fancies so grave, though I’ve scores to supply me,
I’d better keep back for a poem I’ve by me,” —

Don’t be frightened, Mr. Nondescript, it will soon be corn planting time, I had forgotton it,—so I shall be compelled to leave your City ere long, and you will then most likely have done with your troublesome, but very humble servant,

J. OUISCONSIN.

A Sketch of a Member of Congress.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

MR. NONDESCRIPT: I see you have commenced giving some political sketches. I don’t know whether you admit into your pages the pieces of anonymous writers on such subjects, but if you do, you are welcome to the sketch I now give you of a Member of the House of Representatives, who resides in the same village with myself in a Western State.

M—— is the descendant of a respectable English family, who settled in our state some thirty years ago, and have ever since lived in credit and respectability on the lands where they first fixed themselves. The subject of this little sketch received the best education which our situation and the circumstances of his family would allow. But he had a strong mind and a conception of great vivacity and acuteness. Difficulties which would have been insurmountable to those of meaner capacity, he conquered with prodigious celerity, and astonished all by the acuteness and correctness of his judgment, and the extent to which he succeeded in ranging the realm of knowledge. Still he wanted—what he still wants—the finish which only a regular education, and association with selected circles of society, can give. His opulence of intellect, was the richness of the diamond in the mine, which has never passed through the hands of the laudary. Yet it glittered and attracted in its native soil; it had yet to be transferred to a different sphere; and to be put in competition with gems which had been

purified from their native crust, and moulded and fashioned into more perfect beauty.

At an early age M—— was put into the office of a lawyer in one of our large towns in the West. Here he succeeded in emancipating himself partially from his native crust. He remained in this office, and received a legal education—too much confined perhaps to a knowledge of our local practice—which qualified him at a proper age to commence his professional career. His success in several causes which were entrusted to him, speedily attracted the attention of his fellow citizens, practice increased, his fame spread, he gradually became popular, then wealthy, and was then sent to the state legislature, where he figured away like a statesman, made his maiden speech, which was more remarkable for quaint expression, scripture quotation, a vein of sincerity which ran through it, and some little relevance to the subject, then for purity of style or elevation of thought, and after carrying one or two popular measures by his perseverance, and killing about half a dozen unpopular ones by his rough ridicule, he gained his election to Congress.

Here he is now, Mr. Nondescript, the same quaint, fearless, dare-devil, half-horse, half-alligator, fellow that I always knew him to be. I had sad doubts of him when I first saw him lift his hard featured, ruddy phiz in your splendid Hall of Representatives. When I found that he was placed among men, some of whose speeches are valued for their *weight*, and others for their *measure*, I had my misgivings, I would not have matched him to speak by the yard, nor to talk against time. I thought our western star had passed his perihelion, and had got to his aphelion with a vengeance. But when the pestilence is abroad, Mr. Editor, how can we determine who will escape it: the *cacoethes loquendi* which infected all the House, as soon as the constitutional question was brought forward, soon seized my friend M——. Judge of my astonishment, on going into the gallery some week or ten days ago, Mr. Editor, and seeing M—— rise in his seat with all the fearlessness of a hungry wolf standing over a dead sheep, and commencing a speech. I sat for a few minutes very contentedly; it was the same quaint, pious, prophane, irrelevant, desultory, wandering character of oratory which he had often exhibited in the state legislature, but *there* it seldom exceeded ten minutes. I was called

out, after listening thrice ten minutes, and when I returned after walking to the War Office, and transacting business—which might perhaps be two good hours by the sun—there was my western friend in the same position, as fresh, as talkative, as quaint and seemingly as intermenible as when he first began.

Depend on it, Mr. Nondescript, if he improves at this rate, we will elect him again. Yours,

March 23.

WILL FROM THE WOODS.

Un événement fâcheux.

At the President's levee on Wednesday evening last, as a waiter was passing with refreshments through one of the anti-rooms, he was darted upon by a famished animal of the biped species. It is supposed, allured by the smell of viands, he found his way into the mansion in the dusk of the evening. The servant, by great exertions, succeeded in escaping unhurt, but not until the monster bore away in his talons a part of the "bon-bons," as a trophy of his victory.

TO A LADY

In the Gallery of the House of Representatives.

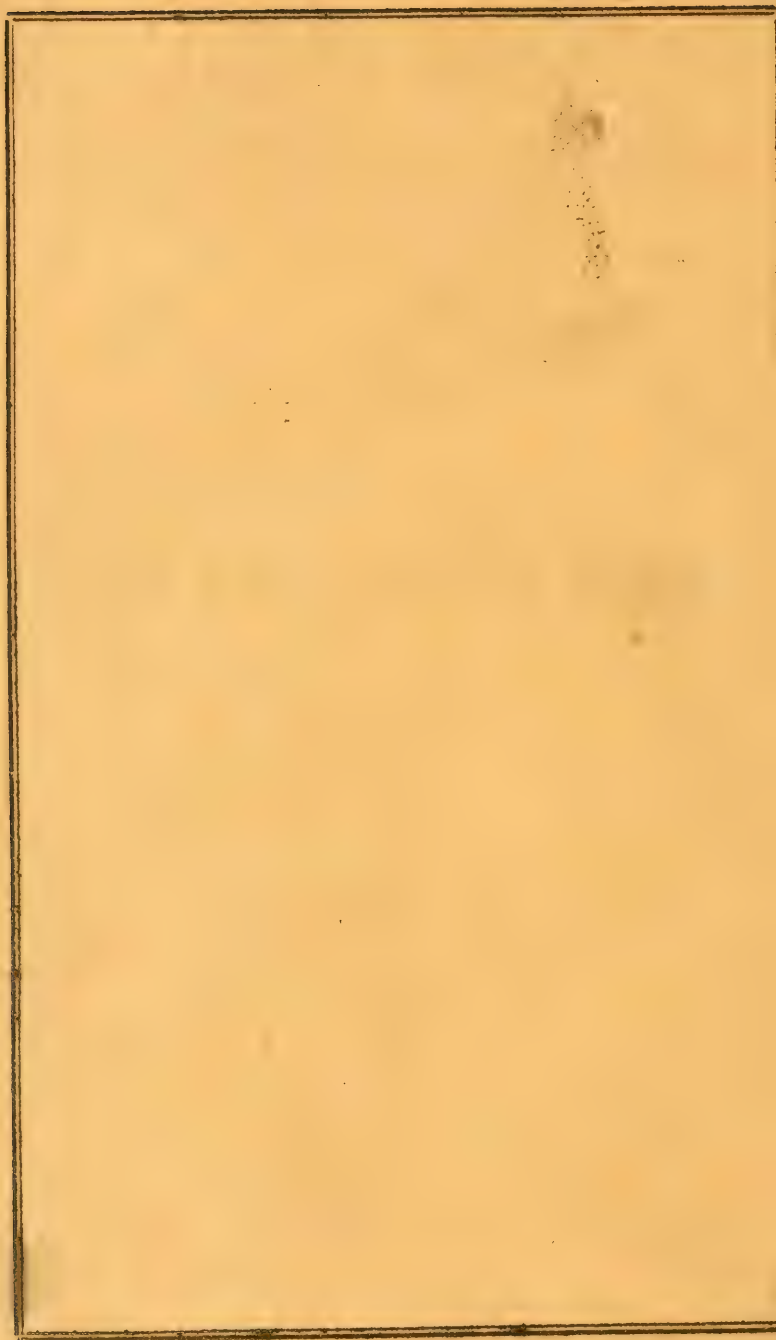
I saw a saucy sunbeam shine
Round those transcendent orbs of thine—
I saw the passing radiance throw
New whiteness on thy brow of snow—
Thine eye but lent the beam new light;
Thy brow but made the ray more bright :
Foil'd in each vain attempt it made,
It frown'd, and shrunk again to shade.

March 28th.

C.

This Number is entirely devoted to our Correspondents.

DICK to BOB in our next.



No. V.

THE _____.

BY

Nonius Nondescript, Esq.

WHAT'S A NAME? "A WORD, AND A WORD MAY BE ABUSED."

Speech of Mr. Burgess.

Washington City:

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1826.

No. 1

1877

THE JOURNAL OF THE

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Sketch.

FROM MY CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

MR. NONDESCRIPT: The breaking up of the Winter closes the season for hunting. So a few days ago, I threw my pack-saddle on poney, and loading my venison hams upon it, I took the path across the hills which leads from this to the National Turnpike to sell it. The sun was just gilding the summits of the highest peaks of the Alleghany, and darkness and vapour were settling along the piney vallies which wind their crooked and broken courses along their bases, when, following the windings of my path, I emerged from the bosom of one of these vallies, and bearing now to the right, and now to the left, mounted upon the back of a ridge along which my path laid direct to the turnpike. As I rose farther from the valley, I left too behind me, the artificial and premature darkness which abode in it. For in these vallies, and beneath these pines, the sun never darts a ray, except at high noon in mid-summer, he pours a casual gleam down through a chasm where the whirlwind has uprooted the frail trunk of an overgrown and superannuated pine. The solitude of these places is never disturbed, except when at the first watch of the nights, the scattered clans of wolves, calling and responding from the summits of neighbouring hills, summon each other forth to their prey, or by the oft reverberated peal of the hunter's rifle while he pursues his game. Sometimes indeed when the spring has unloosed the frost, and its floods have passed away, a solitary fisherman, with a birchen rod and line of plaited horse hair, wades down the channel of the cool and limpid stream, or where its waters tumble from the rocks, or whirl in eddies around them, draws forth the speckled trout. Here is a solitude, the deep intensity of which no one who has not realized it can imagine. There is a solitude, how-

ever, which to the inhabitant of these mountains is ten times more dreary,—the solitude of the city,—the solitude in the crowd. I can never forget the cheerless, the absolute, the chilling gloom, which beset me, when a stranger, in one of your neighbouring cities I stood, while the busy crowd swept by me without the homage of a nod, or the glance of the eye. I did not intend it, but I have wandered from my path.

When I had gained the summit of the hill, I was within sight of the turnpike. Here was a transition sudden and great indeed. Ten steps further back and nothing but nature in her roughest and wildest garb was to be seen. The feelings were in unison with the scene,—the thoughts could dwell on nothing else. In a moment the sullen rumbling of the heavy burthened road wagon, the song of the driver,—the shrill cracking of his whip,—the rattling of the stage coach,—of the wagons and carts of the emigrants who are hieing away to the cornfields of the west, with that of other of the light and airy vehicles which refinement has invented for the convenience of travelling, rushed on the senses like transition of mind from dreams to reality. Far as the eye could reach, the road was visible like a bright line stretching over the hills, and skirted with little spots of cultivated land and farm houses, and still as they reached their dark brown summits, assumed a deeper hue, until they seemed to mingle with the sky. These improvements are almost literally the works of a day. Ten years ago and the sites of this road,—of these farms,—and of these houses, were rude and uncultivated as the thousand hills which surrounded them. Ten years ago, and the old road across these Mountains, which was as crooked as the track of the children of Israel to the land of promise, and which is now superseded and forsaken, was never trod, except by the unwilling foot of necessity.—After a whole day's toil, with half a load through a mire in which his horses often foundered and perished, the wagoner saw at the close of day on the next hill behind him, the hovel in which he had taken shelter the night before. Those who travelled for pleasure never ventured here. Those who forsook their friends in the east for a home in the west, pressed their hands with a convulsive grasp, which betokened a belief that these hills were never to be recrossed. Carriages for, for the mere purpose of pleasure, or for the conveyance of travellers, were ten years

ago unknown in this country. I can well remember with what undissembled astonishment the first carriage that made its appearance in the country, was viewed. The doors and windows of every house in our county town was crowded to behold the vision as it passed along.

We have heard of improvements in the facility of transportation, bringing countries, for the purposes of trade and commerce, within less than half the real distances. Those of us who have never been from home, perceive and *feel* that we have *approached* a country very different from our own. The interior of our houses—the manners of our people—the style of cooking, of farming, the whole art of living—all, all have changed, and are changing.

In recurring to these *alterations* and improvements, it is not possible to forget the man, to whose talents, to whose energy, and to whose influence in the councils of the nation, we are so much indebted for them. The children on these hills have heard his name mentioned so often, and with such respect, that they never lisp it without reverence. At the commencement of the contest of the Presidency, their fathers too were with him, but this country is the tail of the commonwealth, and when the head of it, which lies far to East, had taken its direction, we followed the beast in the blindness of its follies to the consummation of our fate.

The night had just closed in when arriving at the turnpike I entered the hotel of——. He was so good as to purchase my venison. We were closing the formalities of the bargain over a glass of good old Monongahela, when a rap at the door notified the arrival of a guest. He was admitted, and welcomed with a smile which evinces the consciousness of a favour conferred and appreciated. His horse was committed to the groom,—supper was prepared and despatched; the traveller drawing an easy chair beside the best parlour fire, thrust his hand into his coat pocket, and drew out a pamphlet with a light red covering. And lighting a segar he commenced reading and smoking at the same time. At first his eye ran slowly along the lines from one side of the page to the other. The puffs of smoke rose gently from his mouth towards the ceiling. Again his eye moving more quickly, seemed to catch a little animation, and then the fumes rose denser and more frequent. Then again his eye became calm, and raising his face upwards from the book, spun out the smoke into a long and continued

stream. Finally, just when his segar was consumed to the stump, he had turned over the last leaf of his book. He threw the stump into the fire, laid the book on the table beside him, pushed the candle from him, dropped his eyes for a moment on the hearth at his feet, then raising them gently, turned them towards the opposite side of the fire place where I had quietly taken my station, surveyed me from head to foot with a knowing kind of look, "you reside," said he, "in these parts?" My buckskin pantaloons, mock-asins and hunting shirt, I suppose betrayed me.—"I live," said I, "in the neighbourhood—only twelve miles off."

"Aye, in Virginia, you are a Crawfordite?" I answered in the negative. "Beg pardon, I had forgot," said he, "that I have crossed the line into Pennsylvania. You are a Jacksonite?" "I am a hunter," said I. "Your neighbours at least are the friends of the General?" "They are not generally his enemies, but we have heard that he has been baulked and thrown off the track, by the more experienced and better trained, and we have not heard that his successful competitor is unworthy our confidence."

"You are administration men, *Adamsites*, *Clayites*?" "We believe that there are no grounds for censure."

"Then you do not believe, any more than I do, the cock and a bull story about the purchase and sail of office?" "No more," replied I, "than we do the story of a young hunter, who assures us that he only failed to bring down a very fine buck, *by his gun missing fire*, or his bullet having been thrown aside by striking a twig."

"As principles in politics are governed in these times, by degrees of latitude and longitude; as plants may flourish in the South, and wither in the West, and die in the North, the people of the West," said he, "of whom I confess I am one, I mean those who expect no immediate personal advantage from particular men, can have no specific cause of complaint. The census of 1820 was a new era in the power of the West: Previous to that time our skill in politics was thought sufficient only to the task of patching and directing a certain number of mail bags. The operations of the late law fixing the ratio of representation, gave a new and powerful impulse to our principles. The number of our representatives in the legislative is about equivalent to a Secretary of Stateship in the executive branch of the government. In each we are equitably represented. Those who impute improper con-

duct to Mr. Clay only mistake the effect for the cause—the subject for the agent. Having power that we should employ it, is natural. That it should be concentrated on one individual, was necessary to its being employed, or exerted at all. That it should have been concentrated on him who stood pre-eminently above us all for talents, and who was and is first in our affections, required no exertion of intellect to direct, and was an ingenuous indulgence of the best and purest emotions of the human heart. That the shaft should have fallen on Mr. Clay is very natural.”

I remarked, “that we understood the principle of this, even among these hills. The finest deer is always at the head of the herd. The hunter’s aim is first at him. If that be successful, and the leader be brought to the ground, the survivors stand gazing in stupid amazement until the fire may be repeated, when they flee in confusion and disorder.

The barring of doors now warned us that it was the hour for rest. The traveller gave me the pamphlet, which I found to be your ———, and retired to bed. I wrapped myself in my blanket, and laid down for the night before the fire. The next morning I returned to my cabin, where I am now writing this, which I hope you will put into your pamphlet, that I may see my name in print. If you will send me a copy, my oldest son *Nimrod*, whom an accident has been the means of qualifying for that purpose, shall read to me on rainy days. I’ll tell you how *Nim* got hurt, and then sign my name and be done. The poor lad had one day taken out my dogs and *treed* a bear, it had got to the end of one of the branches of the tree. So *Nim* went up till he arrived at the branch, and then getting astride it, took his tomahawk and cut it loose from the main body of the tree, and so fell with the bear and the branch to the ground. The dogs, in their eagerness to seize their prey, did not perceive that, instead of the bear, they were worrying my boy, until they had mangled him most wretchedly. From that day he has been a cripple.

NIMROD JUNKINS, SENR.

The Back-woodsman in Washington.

Hey——what——do Philosophers Eat dainties?

“Do you think,” replied Descartes, “that God made good things only for fools?”

COOK’S ORACLE.

God help such dainties!

MYSELF.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46.)

MR. NONDESCRIPT: Some writer who pretends to great knowledge in matters of table etiquette, tells us that drinking of healths has grown out of fashion, and is deemed impolite in company; he calls the practice ridiculous, and admonishes his readers to abstain from it as a silly custom. What a dunce he must be, surely he was never at a fashionable dinner in the city; he is undoubtedly some silly fellow who has seen but little of the world; calls himself Chester Field; some old broad brim perhaps! What, not drink healths? Why, Mr. Nondescript, it’s all the go; it’s considered in fact a breach of good manners, not to change a glass with at least two-thirds of the party. A few days ago friend Chester’s book was orthodox with me; I am however done with it, since I have discovered the gross ignorance of its author. On the subject of fashions and customs, I too, you must know, begin to have “some shallow spirit of judgment,” and am therefore free to declare, friend Chester, in error. “Shall I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you Mr. Ouisconsin?” inquired a gentleman at the far end of the table. I was not up to the thing at first—did not keep my eyes roving about the table, or my ears pricked, in search of compliments of this kind, and so happened not to be sensible of the request,—the fact is, that my frequent mishap, during the early part of the dinner, and the apprehension (for my appetite was as keen as ever) that the courses of substantials had “gone the way of all flesh,” had led me immediately after the misadventure of the fish, to seize and lay under contribution a portion of a meat pye, upon which I was bestowing my best efforts, when the invitation was given. A hunch in the ribs by my next neighbour, (I will not positively say that this is a very fashionable custom,) commanded my attention. I had that moment taken what

I supposed to be a lump of cooked dough, ycleped in Dutch *par-lance* a *knep*—I was mistaken, it was actually a small bird. What was I to do, I had raised my eyes, the request was repeated, and my glass was filled ; I gave the proper nod, and made an attempt to swallow the wine and bird (it was not much bigger than your thumb, a Tom-tit I suppose) at one operation—Tommy stuck in my throat for a moment, to my pain to be sure, but at the same time to the evident amusement of the servants;—a powerful effort—a motion or two like a choked chicken—cleared the way, and all was safe. But curse the accident, say I, it never occurs to me without producing mortification and shame. Oh ! how I wished myself at home, enjoying in solitude a roasted rackoon, or a possum pye—it is all over, however, and ought not to be thought of ; it is one of those mishaps very discouraging to a person seeking the “bubble fashion.”

I had just got sufficiently through this difficulty, and obtained confidence enough to raise my eyes from the plate, when I was again solicited to grant the favour, to a gentleman opposite, of a glass of wine. I was by no means certain that it was not a quiz—but no matter, the thing had to be done, and like many other matters,

“When ’tis done”—’tis best

“’Twere done quickly.”

I had been trying to get along with, and, in my confusion after the choking affair, was eating, without knowing what I was about, a mess which had been exchanged by one of the servants in my moment of abstraction, for the meat pie. He called it by some outlandish name, a Harricot, a Haggis, or I don’t know what :—it contained some articles having a resemblance to potatoes, they delighted my eyes, but turned out to my sorrow horrible cheats. Potatoes indeed ! God help me, they were more like Indian turnips ! The one I ate, (I did not attempt a second,) was nearer in character to a mess,—“a villainous compound”—of red peppers, hot embers, and assefoedita, my mother used to put into an egg shell, and cram down our old dog’s throat, to cure him from destroying the hens’ nests. I wish I knew the name of these counterfeits—they were evidently intended to represent Paddy’s esculent ; served up too—I was going to say, but it would be sacri-

lege—in blessed mouths full. You have heard the anecdote of the Irishman who was found crying over a dish of well boiled potatoes. He was asked what ailed him? “I was just thinking,” said he in a whimpering tone, “what we poor Irish would do, if we had’nt paraties; if it should plase the Almachty to take them from us, we would all starve and go to the divil—upon my soul, sir, and it’s a great invintion.” “Pooh, pooh,” said the inquirer, “if he took your potatoes, he could invent something would suit you just as well.” “Do you think so?” said Paddy with a somewhat comforted tone, “may bese he could, but by the holy poker ’twould puzzle him.” In the case of the counterfeits, Mr. Nondescript, it would have puzzled Old Nick himself to have imitated them, to have made a more pipperry, pepperish, pungent, prickly article. I soon found out how it was going to be with me : I had scarcely put the villainous thing into my mouth, until an intolerable sense of heat ensued. I had to swallow it, it was a bitter pill, but down it must go. If I had been out of doors I would have kicked—I would verily have——but no matter.—Did you ever eat an Indian turnip or a red pepper? Ever swallow a prickly pear or a chesnut bur? Ever taste a green persimon or a choke-berry? I wish it had been either rather than the thing I ate : I would as soon undertake to eat a cubic foot of pudding made up of quick lime and ten penny nails, as to try it again; but “’tis done—the agony is over,” though the recollection remains.

It was just as I had taken the——, (I wish I had a name for it, I don’t mean your book Mr. N.) I say, just as I had taken the *heater*, when the second invitation came upon me. I accepted it with tears in my eyes, nothing could have happened more fortunate—it was to me a fountain of water in a dreary land—a refreshing draught after a long through in a harvest field : the burn was so irritable that I could scarcely wait for the usual look and nod. I dare say, Mr. Nondescript, you have ate hasty pudding, and know of course the misery of taking it a little too hot, and the comfort in such cases of having plenty of cool milk at hand.—You know the celerity it requires to help your tongue out of the difficulty occasioned by a hot spoonful, and will recollect the awkward grimaces an accident of this kind produces.—You may easily therefore imagine my looks, and the grace with which I performed my part of the ceremony. I could not help it—a moments delay

was dangerous, and I risked the chance of being called a booby, for the sake of contributing a little comfort to my *par boiled* stomach. And thus, Mr. N., terminated my part of the *gustatory* performance. Every one knows what must be the inconvenience of a burnt throat, and how intolerable it must be under such a misfortune to swallow any thing warm. Every dish on the table was hot and high seasoned,

“For palates grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppers the highest, is surest to please.”

The cook knew this, and did not care about *me*; he bestowed his pickles, peppers, and salt, liberally on every thing, and the consequence was, that I could taste nothing, for fear of producing new burns—I could not even look at a smoking dish without shedding tears. I got along as well as I could during the two remaining hours of the feast—my appetite was still as keen as a saw mill’s, but I could do nothing for it but at the cost of too much pain. I was compelled however to keep up the appearance of eating, and nibbled all the time at a few morsels of cracker.—In health drinkings, however, I was very liberal. Before I went to the dinner I was a faithful believer in the doctrine of friend Chester, but by this time I had become a woeful backslider; my throat called for the libations oftener than was genteel, but I could not forbear, I had the pleasure of a glass with every one at the table—they must have taken me for a very civil fellow—tasted all their clarets, Madeira’s, white wines and red wines, Porto, and Champagne. I drank like a fish, but really I cannot say that I was pleased with the taste of any of these outlandish drinkables; I took too much, Mr. Nondescript, I was on the eve.——Did you ever taste any of our back-woods drinks? I declare to you I would not have given a gourd full of good Persimon beer, Tewahdiddle, or Methiglen, for all the stuff I swallowed——So much for my dinner——So much for the pleasures of a fashionable feast Mr. Nondescript—

Such is the *gourmand’s* fate,—To day he gets his card,
And ’s fill’d with pleasing hopes,—to-morrow’s dinner,
The next—with roasts and boils and stews he’s well surrounded.
Then comes perchance a mess, a hot, a pepper’d mess,
And,—when he thinks good easy man full surely,
He’ll get a dainty morsel,—scalds his throat,
And then he feels as I do.——

I fear Mr. Nondescript, you will be disposed to laugh at me, but really it was a serious affair—for ten days after I could not take any thing warm, without its bringing tears in my eyes. I had lost a friend,—my fellow boarders knew it, and attributed my frequent overflowings to extreme sensibility on that score.

I am almost sorry I went to this dinner; I wish I had not made you foolish promises—I shall never be able to give you a full account of it. If I could muster a little resolution, I believe I would however tell you about the *finger cup* business—this cap'd the whole of my mishaps. I suppose you know it is fashionable, among very stylish folks, to have their servants, at some particular juncture of the feast, place a bowl or cup filled with water before each guest.—For what?—to drink?—Ah! Mr. Nondescript, many a poor fellow has made the same mistake. No: forsooth to wash your fingers! The servant did not forget me, nay he even served me first,—I was at a loss what to do with it, I looked around a moment, (it would have saved me some shame if I had taken a little more time,) but saw no *fugleman*. You know the state of my throat, it would not permit me to reason, I was longing for a “cooling draught,” it was “at hand.”——You laugh——Why I knew one of our back-woods members, (probably the same who spells Congress with a K,) when once at a large dinner at the city, to drink actually three bowls of this same wash water before he discovered his mistake—and his throat too, instead of being burnt, was as cool as a cucumber. Suppose I did drink it, and suppose I splash'd a little of the gravy in carving the duck—it was as old and as tough as a weazle, trussed and corsetted, as round as a rolling pin, and swimming in grease in a dish as big as a sugar trough: I verily believe it was a sham,—a wooden nutmeg business. [By the way, Mr. Nondescript, I am becoming much sharper than I was—I obtained admittance into the Congress library. No wonder the members can make such long speeches; no wonder the folk here are so wise; I found out all about the napkin nests. You may look for yourself, in page 111, I forget the name of the book, and you will find full directions “to plait a napkin in the form of a cockle-shell—hens and chickens—two capons in a pye—a dog with a collar about his neck,” and many others. I have wrote them all out, and the first quilting or flax pulling we have after I return, I will teach sister Ruth the

whole mystery. I'll bet any thing I could contrive something new out of a napkin that would look as much like the thing, as any in this Congress book. How would you like, for instance, to see a napkin plaited in imitation of a Possum up a gum stump? a Raccoon in a hollow? a Toad under a harrow? or a Hen upon a grid-dle?—Let me alone, I'll go a few times more to the Library, and come out something yet.] I may possibly write you something more about the dinner, I confess I was a little out of humour about being burnt and starved both: It may have been first chop to those that got any of it—every one to his liking, *gustibus non est disputandum*. I have several new matters to tell you—between you and I, is it not a shame for your ladies to go so thinly clad this raw weather—I was at a *squeeze* last night—fine fun, plenty of kickshaws, and nick nacks, good music and daucing, the girls and boys, I beg pardon the ladies and gents, all as merry as *grigs*—as full of fun as colts on a May-day, and as happy as pigs in peach time.——I got a letter from brother Job, he's asking a deal of questions about the Panama mission, &c. The bell has just rung for dinner, you must therefore excuse this short epistle, and believe me, dear Mr. Nondescript, to be, according to the fashion, what I hope I never will be in reality,

Your, or any other man's,

Very humble servant,

J. OUISCONSIN.

BACCHANALIAN.

Drink, drink ! there's a ruby bright
 That lies in the cup and tints the wine—
 Weave a wreath for the brow of night,
 And steep its leaves in the dye divine !

Give dull ey'd care his cypress vest
 And bid him break the pedant's rest,
 Nor dare to breathe his withering sigh
 On souls like our's, 'till bowls are dry,
 And Bacchus shall transplant his vine
 To worlds that droop for lack of wine.

Wine hath a charm for the sage's eye—
 Wine hath a spell for the mourner's sigh—
 It smoothes the ridge on the brow of age—
 And throws a warm tint on life's coldest page—
 It glows in sorrow, and smiles at care,
 And softens to pleasure the fiend despair !

Then drink, drink ! there's a ruby bright
 That lies in the cup and tints the wine—
 Weave a wreath for the brow of night,
 And steep its leaves in the dye divine !

IMPROMPTU

On seeing the members all leave their seats at the commencement of a Speech.

When Marcus speaks, a hundred members sit,
 Hang on his periods and admire his wit :
 How chang'd the scene, when Renulph takes the floor.
 Nods the tir'd Speaker in his lofty seat ;
 The House with *yawns* the endless spouter greet,
 Or fill the welcome pauses with a *snore*.

BOB SHORT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dick to Bob came too late for insertion in this number. It shall certainly have a place in our next.

Brother Job to the Back-Woodsman is also received, and will be given in our next number.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Visitors who have taken this work in the City, and wish it to be forwarded to them when they return home, may have it transmitted to them by post, in the same manner as a newspaper.

Persons at a distance wishing to subscribe, may send their orders to the publisher by post, inclosing a remittance of \$3 for a year, in advance, or giving a reference to some person in the City.

A few of the first numbers may still be had.

No. VI.

THE _____.

BY

Nonius Nondescript, Esq.

WHAT'S A NAME? "A WORD, AND A WORD MAY BE ABUSED."

Speech of Mr. Burgess.

Washington City:

PUBLISHED BY FISHEY THOMPSON, PENN. AVENUE.

1826.

Brother Job to Brother John.

Mr. NONDESCRIPT: You know I promised to copy brother Job's letter for your book—I send you part of it only; brother Job has a little of my own failing, he is something tedious—as long winded, in fact, and as tiresome, as a leader at a flax pulling. I must not omit to tell you, short as this note is going to be, that I was in Senate the other day and heard the great Speech—I wish I could describe it for your readers. It was made up of quips and quiddities, odds and ends, of every subject on earth, and touched on a few things besides. When it's printed I'll send it to Job and see what he thinks of it. The gentleman who delivered it seems to know all about the fashionable “carding” business, the “scratching at doors,” as he shrewdly calls it, “for invitations,” and the things—“the messes of French cookery ate after candle light,” called *dinners*. I wonder if he did not read my letter.—Excuse me Mr. Nondescript—I have so many things to tell you yet, that I can hardly break off. What a devil of a strange matter this Phrenology is,—I don't rightly understand it yet, but you shall hear from me when I do. I've got a chapter or so also on the spring fashions—a chapter on street promenading—a word again about the visiting card shop—a touch at the great book store on the Avenue—a hint about boarding house *butter*—and congressional proceedings,—I mean a comparison between the two;—and,—God knows how many other hints ———The bell has just sounded for dinner—I mean the waiter has just called me—(we have no bell)—You may thank your stars for this accident, for verily I was just going to give you my full length opinions of a *squeeze*.

Can't say another word, dinner's waiting.

Yours, just as much as ever,

J. OUISCONSIN.

N. B. Excuse brother Job's spelling.

DEAR JOHN: After our kind compliments, this is to inform you that we are all well, and hope this may find you in the same estate of health. We have been in great wonderment as to what you are *bissying* yourself about that you dont write oftener—Dad thinks you are rather much betook with the great city. Since the last time I written to you, there is not much happened in our neighbourhood—every thing a most goes on in the old way, and as for me, why I am just the same old two and sixpence. The neighbours often come to our house to hear the news—the papers you send are allowed to be great curosities—I have been mighty fond to read the speeches, and such like romancing, its a most next thing to our debating society. But what the tarnation do they mean about this Panamur misshin? I have ramsack'd our dickshinary from head to tail, and can't find no sich a word; it must be some importanish like thing, or they could'nt cut up so high about it—what a rapsnoogious time they have of it. Squire Sampey thinks it's all a sham, he says it's just some obsnaptious word, that common people can't understand, and that it's all a speechifying lectioneering business from one end to the other—a slickish like political prank: I can't pertend to say but what it mout be so, but you know the squire is not very sharp in such things. Dad says he knows no more about it than a goose does about gibberish. Now Zeph Crane says, and he's a tarnal cute chap—you mind Zeph I spose, he came here last fall just afore you started, and has tuck up a school in Lazy Hollow. He's doing abominably well—all the neighbours give him great praise, and says he's cruel good to the children, and that he rushes them along in their larnin uncommon. Zeph says your great city printers are mistaken, that they are as mad and as wrong headed as hogs after acorns—he says they have'nt spelt the thing right. Now I think Zeph ought to know, being as he was at Washington last winter himself, and is besides of a great family—he tells us that his father was brought up in York state, and that he used to be a great schoolmaster. He says 'tant spelt right at all, I spose you wont b'lieve him, but I can tell you John, he's a tarnal smartish chap—as old as a quaker in figures, and the darndest feller in hard words:—ax him about any one you please, and if it has a hundred and fifty syllabels, I lie if he dos'nt post up the expoundation of it in less than no time at all. Now I 'sure you he talks high about it, and says the short and the

long of the matter is, that it is not Panamur misshin, but *Panorama machine*, which means a big picture, or a kind of a show in a box. Zeph says the one they are now disgusting about in Congress, is as big as a bed spread, with a likeness of General Washington painted on it by one Peel, and that they are going to send it to the New Republics, as a pair of "great spectacles" to let 'um see what we can do. I some how expect Zeph is'n't right clear on it, but I can't say. Dad laughs at him, and allows that the members of Congress are not sich fools, as to make sich swingous long speeches about any thing common people could understand.—Likewise we have another strange account about the long speeches : Zeph got a letter from a member from Main state, (some of the neighbours say Zeph wrote it himself,) which says that there's goin to be a new law in that state, and that instead of having a penetentiary and work shops to punish krimelins, they're goin to make them read Panamur speeches. Now I don't think as how that's any great like punishment—it'll only just put the rascals to sleep : I know I never could read at them to the family two minits, 'till dad was snoring like a wool wheel, and mother and the gals gaping like young birds for black berries.

We are all pleased to hear you've got an office. Dad says, hownever, he'd rather you'd got some plainer appintment than to be one of the Ingins-ears—in fact we don't know exactly what it is, nor would'nt a known if it had'nt been for Zeph Crane—he says you're with the Ingins, and that your business is jist only to tell them what they want still, being as how they can't talk inglish—the properrest name for the office he says is in-tar-pit-er.

Sister Ruth got all the things you sent her safe and snug--you had liken to made her sneezing mad about the curls. She said she would'nt wear false ones, if she had no more hair upon her head than a tad-pole. You see, John, she knows well enough you was just trying to trick her : she's not such a gump she says as to believe you that the town gals are such vengous fools as to wear false hair. "Why," says she, "brother Job, s'pose it was so, how could they tell whose hair they were wearing? they mout have some tarnal substitute's hair switching about their face for all they'd be the wiser of it. No, no, John," says she, "you ha'nt cotch'd me yet," and so jist tied the curls on the old dog's head, and told every body that that there wur Washington City fashion.

I'll be hang'd if I don't think old Bose knew something about it, he shuck his head, sneezed, and run about the room like wild—it was mighty 'musing to see how he carried on.

As for the bonnet, it tuck Ruth's eye mightily, from the first squint she got of it—I mean the colour and the stuff of which it was made. I can't say she thought so much of the fashion of the thing, she set to hownover and altered it to please her eye better, but still it is an oddish contrivance; Dad laughed at her when she put it on, and said she looked like a rick of corn fodder top'd off with wheat sheafs. It's true it didn't exactly suit her tother harness, and I don't think she looks as slick in it, as in the one she has made herself.

The gals in the neighbourhood are monstrous invious like about Ruth's finery—she wore her new bonnet to town t'other day. "Don't you think she's wrong John, in fixing the feathers behind?" I thought they should be before, but she said that looked too brazen, and so fixed them behind, and they stick out now in a manner like a fox's brush or a peacock's tail. When she was in town, Lant Leatherstocking, the hocking hunter, happened there: he was in a store buying some lead and powder as Ruth passed along—he just saw her head, and jump'd like a tarnal fool to his rifle. "What's that?" said he. "Why," says Mr. Jones, "that's Squire Onisconsin's gal with a Washington City fashioned bonnet." "The hell's kitchen it is," said Lant. "Well I wish I mout never lay a gun to my face, or pull a trigger agin, if I had sawn that there thing in the woods, if I hadn't shot at it for some vinimis varment." This soon got out, and the fools laughed so about Ruth's varment head dress, as they call it, that I don't think she'll sneeze under it very soon again.

As for the corssicks, Ruth can't find out how to put them on, or in fact don't know the meaning of them exactly. She says she's not so sure you ant tricken her about them, as you tried too with the curls. Now, John, I actilly think you must be romancing, when you talk about the fashions of the city gals—what strange kind of fowls they must be!—And the boys—why you don't say in yearnest that they wear laced jackets? have white gloves? scent themselves the gals? and carry smelling bottles? Why what can sich creators be good for? I wish we had 'em a while at a log rolling or a raising—I guess their lacings and smelling bottles would crack up like fiddle strings.

Ruth went to singing school t'other day, and tried the worst of all things to harness herself in the corssicks before she went :—Debby Hobbs came over and was helping her to contrive ; I don't know how they managed, but I know Ruth was mighty nigh choked or something, and mother had to run up the ladder into the loft, and jist tuck a knife and slash'd them all to sticks. Deb was tarnationally frightened ; it seems it was in part her fault—but Deb declared that she only fixed all the strings and nooses right ; jist gave one a little pull, and that the vengous contrivance went on of itself, and gathered Ruth up, and squeezed her about the waist, 'till she was as thin as a corn broom, and so she began to choke and snort, and so mother heard her, and so she got a knife, and so there was an end to Ruth's corssicks. Lord how Dad laughed about it—I guess it's the first and the last time Ruth will try sich kind of harness.

You axed me for news ; but I ha'nt a great deal to tell you. I s'pose you hearn that Cooney Jeffries—sleepy Coon as we call him, and Juliet Shum, are married at last. We had high times, and enough un em, at old Shum's ; I wish you'd been here, you would a had more fun nor you've had since you left home. You know Loo Eaton—devil Loo as we all call him—he was at the home coming—may be he didn't let himself out for shines. He acted high ; he sung for us while we danced, tied mother Shum's strings of dried pumpkin about the old dog's neck, eat every jirk of bear meat about the house, and tore the whole shoot of his shirt up for lamp wicks ;—we'd been as dull as nigger mauls, and the cabin as dark as a coal pit, if it hadn't been for him—he actually used up all his shirt for the lamp, and after all we had to let in the moonshine by tearing off the cabin roof. You may guess what carryings on we had—we kept it up for a week. Cooney has gone to his cabin a ready ; I went a past there a few mornings ago, and found Coony chopping wood, Jule I b'lieve was abed. I axed him what he thought of a married life ? “ Why,” says he, “ it does well enough while it's new, but darn my hide if it's the thing it's crack'd up to be.”——Loo was over the mountains last fall with a drove of hogs, he saw a heap of new dances there, he learned us some—the “ trimmings of a sett dance,” and the “ off falls of a cotillion”—both mighty high dances. Sam Swick happened at the wedding too ; he swells round tarnal large since he's

got to be constable. I don't think the gals like him a bit the better for it ; they say he acts rather high, and that he's too vainish like. Lord if you had only seen him at church t'other day—it's said he stops pretty often now at old Hez. Hobbs's. You had better look out John, I think somehow Debby don't like to hear your in such high company, and that you are gitting so fashionable like. She told sister Ruth t'other day, that she spos'd when John got back, he would'nt look at a gal that could'nt jump over a six rail fence, being he had such highish notions now.

Dad wishes you the next time you write to be very particular about the Panorama Machine ; he wants to know, (if it is a machine as Zeph Crane says,) whether the feller that contrived it has tuck out a pattern for it, and if he is'nt from the Yapkee states. Likewise he wants to know if it is in reallity any thing like "spectacles," and whether or not it can be used in that way. He, nor none of us, can make out exactly what it can be like. Now I think its a tarnal deal more like a *blindfold* than any thing to *see through* ; but every one to his own notion. Its a little strange, hownever, that Congress will keep at things the people dont understand, and, (if it is as Zeph says about this Panamur business,) that they will spend their time about sich like trifles. But I learn that Congress once had great debates about a wax-eend constitution.* Now I think the constitution they. disgusted about so much last winter, must have been of the wax eend kind—it seemed to hang on to the last, and I think they must a used up every word they had to say about it, before they were dog'd off.

Mr. Deafword happened here last night. He tells us that his son John has gone to Mapletown, and that he has set himself out to be a great *Liar*. He wants you if you please to by him a liar's book, as he says he's enternimed to give John a good start ; he will pay you when you come home. He allows if you get him one about the size of a Dilworth's spelling book, or an arithmittick, it will do him for this present. Also he wants you to get him one or two Congress speeches on the Panorama machine ; he wants John to git one of 'em by heart agin next Court. There's to be a great suit then. A feller came along some time ago and sold one of the neighbours a machine to weave homespun with, and now he has

* We presume Job alludes to the Vaccine Institution.—EDITOR.

sued him for useing it ; and some thinks he'll recover. John, the new liar, is engaged for the plaintive, and his father is shure if he only has time to git a Panamur speech by heart to preach at the Court, that he'll gain the day *as slick as a noogen*.

Well John I'm pretty near at the end of the chapter for this time, and so end with our loving respects to you. No more at this present, but remain your lovin brother to death,

JOB OUISCONSIN.

Not a Bean.—I like to forgotton to tell you that Dad has sold Buck, and Berry, and likewise old Roan—he sold them to a Yankee trader, and got for pay a musicalish clock, and a couple of large horn tortle shell combs—ever since you mentioned the big combs being in fashion, Ruth has been wantin one. The clock is the tarnashionest curiosity I ever saw. All the young folks come to our house every Sunday to hear it trying itself, in the way of music—it is like to break up the singing school.

A Political Sketch.

“Gratiano talks an infinite deal of nothing;” yet Gratiano will frequently be listened to, aye, and applauded also, when those who say something, and that something to the purpose, speak to drowsy ears and reckless understandings. The truth is, that as a handsome dress is a passport into good society, so the splendid garb and manner of a speech introduce it into the most fastidious ears; and it would be about as easy to usher into a fashionable coterie a visiter in linsey, as to obtain into some other circles a passport for intellect in homespun. There is also an easy, agreeable way of saying nothing, which Gratiano possesses in a very eminent degree: this is the effect of that part of human education which consists of association with the world. He has travelled, trifled, and talked in so many atmospheres, that travelling, trifling, and talking, are frequently the prominent qualities of his speeches.

There is, however, another very conspicuous property to be found in his speeches, and that is a raciness, a tartness, a pungency—select the most qualified and least offensive terms of expression—which gives a more than ordinary *piquancy* to his remarks. He has a remarkable quick sightedness when looking out for subjects on which he can exercise his talent for sarcasm and denunciation—a talent most useful to shallow wits and men of superficial acquirements, as it is too frequently mistaken for the evidence and indication of superior powers.

Gratiano has the character of a male coquette. He is assuredly a coquette in language, flirting with one favourite theme and expression awhile, then abandoning it, and taking up with some new subject or phrase, which, in its turn, must give way to some more favourite, but equally short lived, successor. In making selection of his favourites, he is not always under the influence of a felicitous taste, obeying rather the capriciousness of the moment, than the dictates of reflection. I might have called him, perhaps, and without much error, a libertine in language, rioting not in words only, but in sentiment, with all the graceful ease and careless gaiety of a practiced prodigal, accustomed to hold dalliance with all the letters of the alphabet, in their fifty thousand associations.

I am not aware that Gratiano holds rank among his compeers, and co-legislators, as a man of deep research, of unlimited genius, or of unerring judgment. Perhaps in all these properties, his character has yet to be established: to all these acquirements he has yet to make good his pretensions. No one, however, who has marked his air, his gait, and the *costume* of his countenance will, for a moment, hesitate to believe that he is the god of his own idolatry, and that he regards himself as the *magnus Apollo* of the party to which he is attached, and the *ne plus ultra* of personal grace and intellectual splendour.

Without the degraded form of Thersites, Gratiano has the mental deformity of the wretched Greek. To his perverted taste nothing seems so palatable as calumny, nothing so agreeable as to take a stand against principles and practices which are sanctioned by the universal consent of justice and humanity. I have seen him, when, in the process of legislation, he has appeared to emancipate himself from all those feelings which grace and distinguish mankind, and to assume an artificial obliquity, for the mere purposes of opposition; when in the midst of an acclamation of consent to some measure, the equity of which was too obvious for minds of common daring to oppose, the words of Homer were applicable to him:—

“Thersites only clamour’d in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue,
Aw’d by no shame, by no respect controul’d,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold,
With *polish’d* malice, studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and *conquest* all his aim.”

Of the career of Gratiano, I am incompetent to speak. It is surrounded by no splendour of intellect to make it conspicuous; it has led to no results, the lustre of which brightens the annals of his times, or the beneficial influence of which appears in the accelerated march of his country’s greatness. If he has ever attained to pre-eminence, it has been only when surrounded by minds below the common standard of human intellect: amidst the distinguished in science, the lofty in acquirement, the beautiful in morals, he has been as a wart to Ossa, as the pismire’s dwelling to Olympus. There are but few instances, perhaps, in the sphere

of society in which Gratiano moves, where pretension has been found so utterly baseless. If I might borrow a figure from the *Almanac des Gourmandes*, I would compare him to an *omelette soufflée*, magnificent in appearance, but sinking into insignificance at the first period of analysis.

I have already exhibited Gratiano in the halls of legislation. Look into the arena of diplomacy, where mighty contests are determined, where the character and interests of nations are dependent on the talent and virtue of those who represent them. Is there any redeeming brightness on this vast theatre of action? I look in vain. The sphere of literature has never been adorned by the emanations of his genius; and if he has been admitted into the bowers of the muses, where are the *bouquets* which he has plucked? They may, perhaps, be found in the bosom of some perishable beauty, but they possess none of the attributes of immortality.

It is not to be denied that Gratiano has an exterior of mind and manner which is prepossessing, when he chuses to make himself agreeable to those who look not beneath the surface. He, consequently, may succeed in being, if not the *magnus Apollo* of a party, or the Cicero of a Senate, or a Talleyrand in diplomacy, yet the Adonis of a circle of female gaiety, or the rallying point of good livers and independent thinkers. If such be the horizon by which the views of Gratiano are bounded, there is but little fear that he may compass the utmost verge. He may revel in the lap of beauty; he may drink the circean cup; he may listen to the syren song of pleasure: he may skip, like a sun-beam, from flower to flower, extracting the sweetness from one, and the colour from another: but higher achievements are not within his reach; nobler triumphs are reserved for nobler minds: he must content himself with whatever enjoyments belong to a gross existence, but the darkness of the tomb will shroud all his fame and mildew the frail honours which adorned his living brow.

Q— in a corner of the Gallery.

Dick in Washington to Bob in Vandalia.

What with Quintilian, love and loo,
Dear Bob, I find enough to do !

Quintilian Bob, a man of Rome,
Instill'd by rule, what instinct teaches,
On *stumps* and stages nearer home,
The glorious art of making speeches ;
An art by which old Cicero
Surpass'd two thousand years ago.

And Bob—all levity apart—
It is an art—a glorious art—
That lifts men from the common lees,
And sets them on a glorious level
With Hudibrass, Demosthenes,
Ulysses, Ralph, and Milton's Devil—
Bob, you have never found out yet,
The uses of the Alphabet.
Our wild-wood studies barely teach,
The common purposes of speech ;
Oh ! could you spend one glorious week,
Here 'midst the greatness of the nation,
And hear our modern Cicero's speak,
T'would perfect, Bob, your education.

Phrenologists, who trace in tumours,
The mind's diseases, gifts and humours,
May here their skilful fingers put,
On many a learned occiput,
And many a tendency explore,
Its owner never guess'd before,
The philosophic sage may find,
Some untried inlet to the mind,
Some scalpy tremulous to show,
What tyrant passions lie below.

'Tis strange Bob, that deformities,
Which bid the surgeon's art defiance,
Should be created by the wise,
Into the basis of a science—
That talent in its effervescence,
Should thus break out into excrescence.
Ignorance no longer can parade,
This watchful world in masquerade.

No longer what the skull contains,
 Shall be the standard of renown ;
 None has the complement of brains,
 Without the tokens on his crown,
 Strange that the destinies of men,
 Should thus be writ in wart and wen.

Bob, could you see our western men,
 Fume, speak, then fume, and speak again,
 Dauntless, tho' each deserted chair,
 Most eloquently cries—"forbear!"—
 You'd think with me, they must possess,—
 Beyond an orators devotion—
 The organ of *loquaciousness*,
 That prompts the tongue to constant motion.
 I wish Bob, from my soul, I do—
 That you could take a hand at *loo*,
 And see our orators who blaze
 Like study Romans thro' the day,
 In all the pomp of patriot phrase,—
 Trojans and Greeks all night, at play—
 But I forbear—paper and time—
 And ink give out—as well as rhyme.—

To Correspondents.

Louis Lounger has been received, but does not comport with the design of our work. Articles of a personal nature, especially when the names of females are concerned, cannot be admitted into our columns.

We have also to acknowledge, from a distant quarter, the receipt of the Plough Boy. It becomes our duty to recommend to the young gentleman, (he "dislikes to be called a lad"—we hope he has a beard,) the propriety of adhering to old pursuits,—his article is too "howmade" to suit us—he had better stick to his "plow." We have the greatest possible veneration for the distinguished individual, whose claims to the next Presidency he attempts to advocate, but we should not chuse to put *his* fair character into the keeping of the Plough Boy, for the same reason that we would not,—unless we wished it to be torn, muddled, and bespattered,—submit to a bear a cambric ruffle to be clear starched. He seems fond of "old coarse maxims." We have selected one which we beg him to receive in an admonitory point of view—it is "old" and "coarse." "The praise of a fool, is disparagement." But all further words aside—our work is not a political one, as he is not a politician. His "dew drops," "crystal pearls," "teaming lawns," bleating lambkins," and "playful fawns," would justify us in attributing to him a very different character, and we are mistaken if he is not now labouring under the first transports of "puppy love." We would seriously advise him to turn his attention when he feels his next *cacoëthes scribendi*, to that subject. If he will send to our office he shall have his paper, and as a suitable reward for his genius and patriotism, it will be accompanied with a lump of sugar candy



TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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A few of the first numbers may still be had.

No. VII.

THE _____.

BY

Nonius NonDescript, Esq.

WHAT'S A NAME? "A WORD, AND A WORD MAY BE ABUSED."

Speech of Mr. Burgess.

Washington City:

PUBLISHED BY FISHEY THOMPSON, PENN. AVENUE.

1826.



THE _____.

No. 7.] WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1826. [Vol. 1.

The Back-woodsman in Washington.

“ Drunk ?—and speak parrot ?—and squabble ?—swagger ?—swear ?—and discourse
fustian with one’s own shadow ? O ! thou invisible spirit of Wine, Whiskey,
and Brandy, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee——devil ?”

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream’d of in your philosophy.

SHAKSPEARE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59.)

———And so as I was telling you, Mr. Nondescript,—but stay
was I telling you any thing at all ?—did I let you know the particu-
lars of my decampment from the dinner ?——Catch me again
acting the fool, detect me once more drinking glass after glass of
every confounded drink that is current at one of your great din-
ners, and you may duck me in one of your frog ponds, or tie me
in the gallery of Congress hall to listen to a *set Speech*. No, I am
sure I shall never be caught in such a scrape again, fashionable as
it may be—I was snap’d, Mr Nondescript, scorch’d—corn’d—per-
haps you don’t understand these backwood technicals, in plain En-
glish then, I was drunk. Yea, verily drunk, but I say I am out of
such scrapes henceforward *forever*. No matter if Members of
Congress,—Senators,—Generals and Governors, do set the ex-
ample ; no matter how *blue* they get,——No matter I say how
much of the stuff they take, “ ’tis their vocation” ’tis with them
in such things, as with Irishmen in being hung—they’re used to
it ; but for a new beginner—for a simple fellow like myself, it’s
downright folly to try it.—I would sooner undertake, (and I verily
believe I could accomplish it easier,) to make a speech in Con-
gress Hall, than to guzzle the necessary *quantum* of Wine and
other drinks, which inevitably falls to the lot of an individual, at
one of your great dinners. Yes, I really believe I could as easily

make a speech on the Panama Mission, or any other *Machine*, as brother Job calls it, as to perform this drinking ceremony, without being, as I was at the dinner in question, fairly and completely snap'd,—but it can't be helped, and if it was the mere thing of being a little drunk only, it would be no matter; but you know, Mr. Nondescript, “Wine, immoderately taken, makes men think themselves wise,” and I, like some of the others, became like Solomon's fool, “full of words,” talked politics, affected to know every thing, and so let those who could do it, riddle me to the bottom, and peep into every corner of my magazine.—I am ashamed of it, Mr. Nondescript——let it pass, if you please, *sub silentio*.

Did't I promise to write you an account of the President's levee? If I did, I forgot it, and have, instead of conforming to my engagement, been writing to the folks at home about it—I allude to the levee I was at last winter, I was at another last night, more numerously attended, and have now a better notion of it.—What a squeezing, crowding, whispering, *sans ceremonie* contrivance it is,—and the style of fashionable dressing.—I never saw the like—and the ladies, God bless 'em,—as fine as lillies, and as sweet as perfumes and artificials could make them—no odds which side they present,—alike all round.—Why I made my best bow to a lady's back, and was never the wiser for it—and the gentlemen—I mean the young ones, not our back-wood stamp.—No—pretty, effeminate, corsetted, Nondescripts,—* (I mean no offence sir,) things we have no name for in the English language, dressed up and decorated like little misses' dolls,

——“perfumed like milliners,” and

“With many holiday and lady terms,”

they move and meander about like gossamers,—fit for nothing but to be kept in “glass boxes like butterflies to be looked at.”

And then again Mr. Nondescript, the coffee, and the kick-shaws,—the what nots and the dough-nuts,—the lemonades and the marmalades.—the ice creams and other *screams*—the flummeries and frumentaries,——excuse me sir, they are too tedious to mention.

I had failed at the first levee, I was therefore determined Mr.

* Even our name, Nondescript as it is, we perceive is subject to abuse. We would infinitely rather our friend Mr. Ouisconsin had used it in comparison with any other earthly animal, than a fashionable dandy. EDITOR.

N—— to secure some of the good things at this.—I soon “fixed my affections,”—not “upon things above,” but upon cold transient worldly concerns—upon things which “pass away and continue not”——upon ice creams.—I watched my opportunity, and as soon as a waiter made his appearance, I followed in his wake, dogged him around and around, (you know this is the fashion) until I not only succeeded in obtaining my prize, but also in upsetting some two or three *Popinjays* who came in my path while I was under way. They were intent upon the same object—there was but one saucer full left—they missed it. I had willed it to be mine, and it was mine.

The evening was warm, perhaps about 70° of Fahrenheit, some of the Generals and Members whom I met with at the dinner were present;—an association of ideas, connected with the uncomfortable degree of warmth of the hall, produced some reminiscences—(not Michael Kelly’s)—which always vex and irritate me.—I thought I could even feel a burning in my throat and stomach,—but it must have been mere imagination—these feelings made it very natural, to long for any thing cool, and of course—I will confess it—I was quite elated with my good fortune in getting an ice cream. I knew it was a slippery kind of contrivance, and so to be sure not to lose a morsel of it, elevated the saucer close to my chin,——I wonder how ice cream tastes—I fear I shall never know,—confound the awkward fellow,—I believe on my conscience he did it on purpose,—but no,—he seemed too stupid—he was as fat, and as big, and as dull, as,—I wont say what,—I verily think he was a member. What do you suppose he did, Mr. Nondescript? Why just as I was about to take a spoonful, whack Mr. Fat-kidney took me upon the elbow, and jostled my arm just in such a manner as to cast the whole of the ice cream dab into my bosom. I did not scream, but burst out into that kind of involuntary shudder which a person makes in taking a sudden and unexpected cold bath.—The first effort was to try to remove the incumbrance,—it was an useless attempt.—I have said the temperature of the room was about 70°, and I don’t know whether it agrees with the philosophy of the modern schools or not, but I’m sure my body was some eight or ten degrees higher—I am a fellow of some “kidney,” Mr. Nondescript, and was at the time in a pretty similar condition with poor Sir John Falstaff in

the buck-basket adventure,—“as subject to heat as butter”—It was indeed an useless attempt,—I thrust my hand into my bosom in an instant—but it was gone—a full dissolution—a thorough thaw had taken place. You may recollect the case of Phutatorious and the hot chesnut,—you see I have read Tristram Shandy,—my disaster was exactly analagous, only that in the one instance, extreme heat, and in the other, extreme cold, was the disturbing cause. Phutatorious swore—I did not—I believe I only ejaculated the devil take the thing how dang’d cold it is.——But where am I wandering——

I promised you, in my last, and, I begin to think, foolishly, too, divers chapters, hints, touches, and comparisons. Where shall I begin? Let me see—What did I promise you? Something about Phrenology: right, I did. But, Mr. Nondescript, until a *free knowledge* I have of this new science, a single sentence, by way of opinion of mine own, “*write I not.*” You know there is some reason to suppose that the craniologist might, by means of his skill, discover who I am; and, if I should happen to exhibit any *devil up-ments* which he did not like, might also become a *cane-ologist*, and by *means of that art*, produce some *ecchymosis-ical* organs, which, instead of the callipers and craniometer, would probably demand the trephine, scalpel, and lenticular. No, depend upon it, I am not going to meddle with a matter of such importance; and which, according to the opinions of believers, is about to produce such changes in the world—such wonderful improvements in the state of literature, morals, politics, and sciences. I am attending the lectures, however, and may venture a word on the subject in proper time.

It would astonish you, Mr. Nondescript, familiar as you are with the Patent-Office, to hear only a few of the patent phrenological plans that are already in full maturity. What would you think, for instance, of a phrenological printing-press; which would only require a gentleman to thrust his head into something like a night-cap, at one of its ends, when, at the other, would issue a printed copy of (supposing him to be a member) a speech on any subject he might choose his constituents should *see him in print* upon? I am credibly informed that the ingenious keeper of a certain *office* in this city is actually constructing a press of this kind; and that he conceives the invention admits of a still further extension. He is of opinion, (I mention this, recollect, in the utmost confidence, as his plan is still in an embryo state,) that his press may be so improved

that, instead of the head, in *propria persona*, a cabbage, pumpkin, or turnip, may be substituted ! In this case, it would only become necessary that a proper model of the head of the person to be represented, should be cut out of one of those substances, sent on to the city, (supposing it again to be the representation head of a member,) and submitted to the Phreno-press. The inventor is confidently of opinion that this would do, but has not yet matured this contemplated improvement. He thinks—supposing the speech was required to be applicable to a subject such as the Panama Mission, or Constitutional Amendment—that it might become necessary to charge the model, by injection, with some carbonic acid gas, and submit it, also, for a few minutes, to a common culinary *steam* heater, previously to submitting it to the *cap* ; after which precaution, he has no question the speech would be sufficiently virulent, bombastic, and frothy, to suit any state of political feeling. He has also a very happy idea of attaching to the heater what he intends terming the *pugnaciometer* ; and which will, by a graduated dial and index, exhibit the maximum of heat which the model can endure, so as not to involve the person who it represents in a *quarrel*. This contrivance is also to show what will be the consequence, supposing the model heated beyond *this* maximum ; and whether the *extra* heat will eventuate in a spitting in the face, nose pulling, caneing, kicking, or in a pugilistic or *pistolic* affair. I shall not attempt to describe the immense advantages that would result from such a grand invention—you cannot but see them. Only think, Mr. N., how it will facilitate legislative proceedings ; and how it must, also, reduce the wages of members ! The gentleman elect will have nothing to do but to send on his head in a broccoli, a ruta бага, or a cashaw, after which he may keep his bed, his easy chair, or play brag, or dissipate, just as the whim takes him. It's a wonderful discovery, Mr. N. Do you know that it is to be partially tested next session of Congress ? A *projet* is now, it is asserted, under consideration, and is to be adopted when properly matured. I have received, from a friend who is in the secret, an outline. It is proposed that, immediately after the meeting of next Congress, an inspector, regularly appointed, and, of course, properly skilled in the new science, will be sent round with callipers, guages, &c. ; that he will make, previous to any legislation, an examination of each member's head, noting down the results in a table, something like the following :

PHRENOLOGICAL TABLE
Of the 19th Congress, Second Session.

Names of Members.	Propensities.	Sentiments.	Intellect.	Material for the Model.
Hon. A. B.	Loquacitiveness,	Non-Panama,	Imitation,	Kale,
Hon. C. D.	Solnombulismness,	Anti-Administration,	Drowsy,	Ruta Baga,
Hon. E. F.	Brag-loo-itiveness,	Knavish,	Shuffling,	Nine-pin bowl,
Hon. G. H.	Street-walk-ativeness,	All for Love,	Amorous,	Sweet squash,
Hon. I. K.	Vulgaritiveness,	Rank Oppositionist,	Two penny	Skunk cabbage,
Hon. L. M.	Pseudologitiveness,	False,	Sparse,	Negro maul,
Hon. N. O.	Projectiveness.	Roadacanalua.	Watery.	Gourd.

From this table a model of each member's head will be formed, and, in due time, deposited in the office of the phrenological printer. *Modus operandi*—a signal flag will be elevated on the capitol as soon as a member rises, and at that instant his model will be thrust into the *cap*—the press will then continue in operation until the flag is hauled down—and the speech properly filed and preserved. A comparison with that afterwards reported by the reporters in the hall, will enable the projectors to complete and perfect the scheme, so as to have it fully applicable to all the purposes of legislation by the commencement of the 20th Congress.

Would you have believed such a thing possible, Mr. N., before I told you? I wonder what the ingenuous gentleman of the visiting card shop will say to this? I think it beats his mud mashers, cart loaders, and cuckoo clocks, all hollow. Why its even, in my estimation, far before the automaton chess-player, which is now so puzzling, fretting, and perplexing the good folks of New-York.

I have just received another letter from brother Job; and, as I have to answer it immediately, you will excuse me touching on any other of my promised subjects at this time.

Yours, and so forth,

J. OUISCONSIN.

Congressional Bores.

MR. NONIUS :—Although the following lines cannot boast of absolute originality, having been selected from a late English publication, and altered and extended so as to apply to the state of things here, yet, thinking they might suit your miscellany, and be acceptable to some of your readers, I have ventured to forward them for insertion, if you please, in your next number. X. Y. Z.

Of the common Congressional bore, there be two orders; the silent and the talking—or the speechifying. The silent is not absolutely deprived of utterance; he can say “Yes,” or “No;” but regularly in the wrong place, unless well tutored and well watched. The talking Congressional bore can outwatch the bear. He can, at the latest hour, keep on his legs, speak against time, and put to sleep the most vigilant, by the united power of the drone of his voice and his faculty of saying the same over an hundred times. He has many setts of words and phrases, which he repeats eternally, like a parrot. But no parrot can vie with a man of the bore kind, and of the Congressional class more especially, in the power of reiteration, or the art peculiar to the rational creature, of using many words, yet saying nothing.

His set phrases, which (if repeated with variations and good order) might give the substance of one of what are called his speeches, are as follows: “Mr. Speaker, sir, I rise to oppose the honourable gentleman who spoke last,”—or, “the honourable gentleman opposite me—And, now I am up, Mr. Speaker—I am free to confess—I stand rebuked, sir,—I may venture to assert—I am bold to declare, Mr. Speaker—In the face of my country—In the State of this country—I vow to God, Mr. Speaker—I am astonished—But, sir—In the temper of this House, Mr. Speaker—I shall not trespass on your patience—Before I sit down, sir—I must add a few words.”

These, and a hundred more similar phrases, are used to fill each variety of sense. Besides these, which are common to all parties, there are some sacred to the friends of the administration, and others to the “motley and pie-bald opposition.”

To the friends of the administrations belong—The dignity of the House—The honour of the country—Respectability in the eyes of foreign nations—Expediency—Inexpediency—Imperious necessity. With a good store of *evasives*; as—Can’t at present support such a

measure—Too late—Too early in the session—Cannot take upon me to say—But the impression upon my mind is—Cannot undertake to answer, exactly, that question—Cannot yet *make up* my mind; (an expression borrowed from the washer-woman.)

On the opposition side, the phrases chiefly in use among the bores are: Constitution of the country—Necessary amendments in the Constitution—Extravagant expenditure—The good of the people—Enquiry should be set on foot—Responsibility of the Executive—Eutopian scheme—Shameful coalition—Mosaic Cabinet—Voice of the people neglected—Will defeated—Independence, and consistency.

Approved beginnings of speeches as follows—for a raw bore: “Unused as I am to public speaking, Mr. Speaker, I feel myself, upon the present occasion, called upon imperatively”—or,—“Mr. Speaker: in a matter so nearly connected with the interests of my constituents, I should be wanting in duty to them, or in respect to myself, did I not exert myself to overcome the natural diffidence of my nature, and rise to make a few observations.” Or, again—“Mr. Speaker: Although the people whom I have the honour to represent, and whose misfortune it is to be represented by so humble an organ, have sent me here, not to consume the time of this honourable House in making long speeches. The present crisis is a momentous one; and I must be excused in breaking through my usual taciturnity,” &c.

For old stagers, with fronts of brass, and adamantine lungs: “I never, in my life, rose with such embarrassment as on this day;” or, “In the whole course of my Congressional career, I never felt myself under—found myself under, circumstances so distressing, sir, as those under which I now address you, Mr. Speaker.”

In reply, the bore begins with—“After what has been said by the honourable gentleman who has just sat down,” or, on my right hand, or on my left; or, by the honourable member for this State, or that, “it would be idle in me,” &c. &c. Or, more modestly, thus: “It would be presumption in me, Mr. Speaker, after the able—luminous—learned—eloquent speech which you have just heard, to attempt to throw any new light; but,” &c. &c. &c.

For a premeditated harangue, of six hours and upwards: “At this late period of the debate, I shall trouble the House with only a few words.” Many of his fellow legislators knowing what to expect, from his few words, may attempt to bend him from his purpose, by leaving their seats, or exhibiting the most indubitable symptoms of

weariness and impatience ; but, your well trained great bore of Congress can face all this and more.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives is a man destined to be bored. Doomed to sit in the chair all day long, day after day, week after week, and month after month, being bored : no relief for him but crossing and uncrossing his legs from time to time, or tapping his snuff-box and refreshing his wearied senses with the pungent and titillating mixture. No respite. If he sleep, it must be with his eyes open, fixed in the direction of the haranguing bore.

Whether the Congressional bore—"graced as he is with all the power of words"—should be classed among thinking, reasonable creatures, may be matter of doubt. The definition of man, which has been given by the first of English poets, and which was quoted with peculiar approbation by the most eloquent of English orators, describes him as—

"A creature of large discourse, looking before and after."

One half of this admits the Congressional bore ; certainly, the other excludes him from the pale of rationality.

Codification.

We take much pleasure in stating, that our friend, Mr. Ouisconsin, (the Backwoodsman,) has for some time had in maturation, and is now preparing, a Code of Laws of Etiquette and Fashion, applicable to all the different cities of the district, but more particularly adapted to that of Washington ; and that it will be presented to the public through the medium of our columns early next winter.

The remarkable progress which our worthy correspondent seems evidently to have made in the fashionable art, and the tact which he appears to possess of understanding all subjects and things having a relation to matters of etiquette or fashion, warrants us fully, we conceive, in promising something to our readers not only of great interest, but of the utmost usefulness.

The manner in which Mr. O. has so far sustained himself, in his movements through the labyrinths and intricacies of the city customs, entitles him to our fullest confidence ; and, we think, justifies the conclusion, *a priori*, that his code will at once take a highly respectable stand in the ranks of law literature. He has for some time—

we speak from a knowledge of the fact—had this important matter under consideration, and has read a great deal in relation to the subject.

To strangers visiting the city, and especially to *green* members of Congress, it must prove a desideratum, which, heretofore, however conscious they were of the necessity of such a guide, they may have sought for in vain. It will be printed to correspond as nearly as possible with the printed copies of the Constitution of the United States. Parliamentary Practice. Rules and regulations of the Senate and House of Representatives, and Jefferson's Manual, in order to furnish members an opportunity of procuring a most invaluable, (and with the addition we propose) an indispensable Conspectus or Vade Mecum.

The same gentleman has also exhibited to us, and, at our pressing request, has consented to publish, through the medium of our work, a series of papers under the caption—

Buoys, for Strangers visiting the Metropolis ; or, a Guide to prevent "Running against Snags." "*Empta dolore docet experientia.*"

In these papers he designs to offer useful hints, cautions, admonitions, and advice, to protect strangers in general from the temptations, allurements, delusions, and wiles, which beset them during their sojourn in this illusive city. The whole of these papers are to be founded in, and based upon, the experience he has already obtained, or may *in presenti*, be acquiring. There can be no question as to the necessity, to strangers, of such a protection ; and we shall be gratified as the means of communicating information of such utility to them.

EDITOR.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

MR. EDITOR: Looking into Moore's Life of Sheridan the other day, I was struck with the applicability of the following lines to our own Congress. I therefore sat down, made a few changes in the language, and now send them to you, with a request that you will insert them in your next number.

Yours, in truth,
LOOKER ON.

May 5, 1826.

How long and tedious the debate!
Sure never Congress sat so late!
Never were longer speeches made—
Never so much, or sung, or said.
And how convincing every tongue!
Sifted how well was right from wrong!
Yet every wordy warfare o'er
The parties muster as before.
No convert made, no suffrage won,
Each votes, as votes he would have done
Had every speech or great or small,
Been made, trope, metaphor and all,
To the stones about the City Hall. }

Yet mark the changes of each cheek,
As the contending Ciceros speak.
How eager is the sharp reply!
How quick the caustic sarcasms fly,
How much in earnest gleams each eye, }
Who from this anxious heat would guess,
How little any hop'd success!
Or thought one single "yes" would flow
From lips determined on a "no"!
Pity that so much wit is spent—
Wasted such clamour eloquent,
When all might be completed quicker,
And better far by Mister Speaker
Who, saving oratoric bluster,
Would noses count and sum the muster.
Nay, my good friend, restrain your wonder,
The speakers think of no such blunder,
As to direct their sense and wit,
To members who around them sit:
They know, as well as you, no vote
Is won by utmost toil of throat,

Though Tully, freed from Pluto's den,
Should roll his thunder forth again:
But well they know to whom they speak,
Well could they say whose votes they seek,
And therefore is the contest fought
With so much force of word and thought—
Thanks to reporters and the press,
'Tis the whole nation they address.—

To Correspondents.

We acknowledge the receipt of a note from Louis Lounger pressing us to insert his article, which we rejected in our last, and it is a little singular that, at the same time, our other disappointed correspondent, the Plough Boy, should also, through the friend who put it in our hands, urge the publication of his piece. Really, good sirs, you are unpleasantly importunate. We have to inform our friend Mr. Lounger, that his production shall have a second reading. To Master Plough Boy, we cannot even promise so much,—indeed worthy youth your article will not do—"why will you tease us so."—If you must appear in print, do change the subject, and we will listen to you. We profess ourselves to be something of *Auto-phrenologists*, and think we can discover by your writing, that, as we before hinted—your talent must lie in a different channel from that of politics——You have doubtless read of

———"The famous captain Wattle"

"Who was all for love, and a little for the bottle."

—— We have entered you upon our books, just for another captain Wattle——(we mean as respects the first propensity,) nay, we were going to venture a declaration, that you are a gallant—a ladies man; we have at least such confidence in our new science, that we will venture to predict, if ever you submit your cranium to the callipers of the craniologist, its legs will be found to expand greatly when their points rests upon those divisions where are found the organs of *amiativeness*.

"We can not nature by our wishes rule,"

"Nor, at our will, her warm emotions cool."

We quote this as an admonition. Do not again buckle on the uneasy harness of politics, until you have laid aside the "purple robe of love." Have we hit you? Nay, dont be discouraged gentle Plough Boy—don't cry sonny—"Shove up your hair before"—stroke down your beard,—get a penny worth of sweatmeats, and then hey for a

"Sonnet to your mistress's eye brow."



TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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A few of the first numbers may still be had.

No. VIII.

THE

BY

Nonius Nondescript, Esq.

WHAT'S A NAME? "A WORD, AND A WORD MAY BE ABUSED."

Speech of Mr. Burgess.

Washington City:

PUBLISHED BY FISHEY THOMPSON, PENN. AVENUE.

1826.



THE _____.

No. 8.] WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1826. [Vol. 1.

Local Attachment.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”—SCOTT.

It is related of a certain eccentric statesman—whose speeches in our legislative halls have always been listened to with satisfaction, and continue still to afford the greatest imaginable delight—that, on a certain occasion, at a party perhaps, when he was treated by one of the guests with considerable jocularly in relation to his strong prejudices in favour of his native State, he bore it with singular good humour; and waiting, without attempting a reply, until the gentleman had done, he repeated, in an emphatic, and, according to his own peculiarly captivating manner, the beautiful sentence from Scott—“Breathes there a man,” &c. &c. &c. The effect was irresistible—he had turned the tables upon his jocose friend—he then very good-humouredly, and with much adroitness, changed the topic of conversation.

This characteristic anecdote was recounted in my hearing some days since, on a passage in a steam-boat from one of the Eastern cities, having on board, at the time, a great number of Western Country men; and was, in fact, elicited, by the circumstance of a controversy among them on a similar topic. They were generally merchants; had been absent a month or two, and were just turning their faces homeward. The very natural love of home, “sweet home,” at that moment was pervading every bosom; and a hot altercation, in which each one was defending his own particular State, was, for a while, suspended, by the relation of the anecdote.

It has befallen me to be one of your—God knows whether I ought to say, fortunate, or unfortunate—fellows, who, at this time, happen to have no fixed place of residence. I had a home in my youthful days, and I know all about its charms: I know how every thing

about the place of one's nativity hangs upon the senses, or recollections, and how the most trivial circumstance connected with scenes of home, ever

————— "lingering haunt the greenest spot,
On memory's waste."

I have travelled much—have been separated from this country by a "boundless ocean," and find the same feelings of attachment, the same *amor patriæ* to be predominant in every bosom, every where, and among all classes of people. Ask the inhabitant of the frigid forests of the North, or of the burning plains of the South; refer to the settler of the barren Alleghanies, or he of the fertile bottoms of the Mississippi; ask him where is the best land in the world, or the spot under heaven where he would rather exist? and he will, with the utmost sincerity, point you to his "rood of ground," his own cottage, and declare it is there; in that place, and no where else.

I recollect, in descending the Mississippi some months since, in a steam-boat, to have had a fine illustration of this peculiar and natural devotedness. The boat was laid close ashore, and stopped for a few minutes "to wood," as it is technically termed. The immense number of steam-boats which now ply upon the Western waters have been the means of procuring a market for this article, and a profitable employment to the "settler," who, some years ago, found his tremendous forests a great disadvantage, and a serious incumbrance.

The vender in this instance was a tall, bony fellow, with spectral eyes, a parrot nose, and a swarthy complexion; he wore a pair of ragged pantaloons, and was wrapped in—as an only upper garment—a blanket great-coat. His appearance indicated, in fact, any thing else than what his language and manners evidently bespoke; viz: that "he was well to do in the world;" and, in all respects, felt himself comfortable and independent. His cabin, swarming with half-clad children, was hard by; it was fronted by a few acres of partially cleared ground, farmed partly with corn, and partly with a variety of vegetables; constituting the very necessary appendage to a new settlement—a "truck patch." I had stepped on shore when the boat stopped; and while it was charging with wood, was indulging in a conversation with the odd inhabitant of the Mississippi border. "Well," said I, taking a survey of his premises, "you appear to be comfortably fixed here." "Why, yes," rejoined he, with that peculiar self-important manner and tone of voice which implies a con-

sciousness of an enviable situation ; " I can't complain, but I had some hard knocks before I brought it to what it is." " You appear indeed," continued I, " to have been industrious ; I suppose you have a considerable quantity of land opened." " Yes ;" said he, " I have as much as four or five acres cleared, and as many more under way ; but I haven't ben here long yet." " You are well pleased with the country, I presume ?" " I guess I am ;" said he, with much animation ; " for I'll eat a dead dog if there is just such another spot in the United States. Look at this ;" continued he, striking his naked heel into the ground, and turning up some of the soil ; " as black as your hat ; as rich as a barn-yard ; and three feet deep, or there 's no snakes. Eighty bushels to the acre is nothing for it." " But, are you not sometimes troubled with earthquakes ?" " Why, no ;" rejoined he, dubiously ; " I can't say that we are. It's a little *quakey* sometimes, that 's true ; but I don't know that we have had what mout be called a ge-nu-ine earthquake, since--let me sec--since yesterday--no, since day before yesterday a fortnight." " When genuine, they are rather unpleasant, I should imagine. I suppose the *quakes* are severe ?" " You may say that ;" said the pioneer, imitating the earth's motion by undulating his hand ; " why, sir, the yearth creeps and bends like a snake." " And yet" said I, interrupting him, " you are pleased with your situation." " I tell you," replied he, entering into his gasconading manner again, " there is no land like this to be found on the face of God's yearth. I can raise more corn here, I'll be ——" I interrupted him again : " But how about the river freshets ; do they not sometime overflow your lands ?" " Not often ;" said he, assuming an air of perfect indifference about so small a matter ; " perhaps two or three times a year ; and then it's not more than good swimming for the children, about the cabin. I don't mind that it was ever more than half way up to the loft. It's true it 's a little troublesome then, as we have to live in a boat ; but you know it's not nateral to expect such rises often." " And how as to sickness ; are you not much troubled on that score ? you look pale, sir." " No : " replied he, with quickness and spirit : " no, sir ; it's just a false report that has been raised on these parts ; a darn'd up-the-river lie ; we have no sickness at all ; nothing but the fever and ager." " Ah ! " said I, " this accounts for your looks ; I supposed you had had the fevers and ague." " Why, yes," continued he, with indifference, again, " I have had a little touch of it ; a few months, or so, in the warm weather, still ; but I expect to come of

it. I am not yet *climatized*; I have not been here past five years; I expect to out-gineral it arter a while." "And, notwithstanding earthquakes, fevers, and inundations, you like your situation; and, I suppose you would not, on any account, exchange it? The soil" continued I by way of comfort, "is certainly of the richest kind I ever saw." I happened to touch upon the right string; it awakened all his prejudices; a gleam of delight passed over his bronzed and hard-favoured face; he erected his body, clapped his hands upon his hips, struck his heel into the loose soil again, and bursted out in an expression, as violent, as involuntary, and, I am sure, as innocent, too, as that of honest uncle Toby in the case of Le Fever. "I'll be d—n'd if it is not as good ground as God can make."——

* * * * *

The bell rang—I ran on board—the plank was drawn up—the hissing of the escape-valve had ceased, and we were under weigh in a moment. I cast a look behind, as we glided from the shore. The weather-beaten settler was still there, his eyes fixed in admiration upon the soil at his feet, apparently absorbed in thought, and seemed as if transfixed to the spot by magic. I shall never forget the expression of the poor fellow's face, or his statue-like attitude, as he gave vent to his feelings; a better subject for the pencil of the artist, or chisel of the statuary, could not easily be conceived.

YORICK.

Brother Job to Brother John

DEAR JOHN : In lovin kindness I set down to drap you these few lines, hoping they'll find you in health, as we are all at this present. Dad says I must mention to you, that we'll plant corn in a week or two; dad wishes you here. Before you leav the City we want you to inquire in partickaller, about some strangeish matters as we have hearn of lately. Cad Crossling has just returned from over the mountains, and has told us some of the tarnaldest tales about Washing Town, that you ever hearn come out of the mouth of any livin mortal—I guess a most he must be romancing. It is true John that members of Congress gamble? do they actilly play for the splinters? Why dad has always stuck to it that they are engaged all night in drafting bills, and in divesting themselves of ways and means to pay the public debt. Cad swears they do no sarviceable like business at all only in a few hours in day light, and that they are all night eating their dinners—what a liar he must be. Then agin he swears, that a great many of the members dont look a bit wiser nor common men, and if you see them out of the cage as he calls it, that “you would’nt know whether they were tame beasts or wild ones.” He means you could’nt tell them from other people—are that a fact? why how can it be? we always thought that people in such highish offices, carried big canes, tried to look wise, and walked a long so dickennyfied, that it was as easy as a most nothing at all to extinguish them. An then John sich accounts as Cad gives of their carryings on in the Congress room, such talking and such laughing as he says the keep, such squinting at the galls in the galleries,—* and putting their feet upon the desks, walking about with their hats on, reading news-papers, writing letters,—tearing up papers, and a heap such other shines.—He verifies that they cut up like a party at a log rolling, or a corn husking, in the very heart of a speech!—We can’t help but think he has stretched his blanket a little. He does’nt like the place fixed for the strangers to set—he says he just felt like a counterfector or a horse thief, while he was in the gallery—that he had to sit jam up against a wall like a stone fence,

* Gall Eyrics?—EDIT.

and look through iron bars the same as a jail window. Just while I think of it, Sister Ruth has found out the right name for her cossicks, she saw it in the papers—she thinks sure enough they're *cant tell you corsicks*.—

Not much news John at this present. I was down at the new settlement to'ther day, the land is monstrous poor. I saw the Curnel, and told him what I thought of his possessions.—He says, however, that he hant as bad off as people allow, for that he only owns two acres of it. Carmickle Town is growing right smartly, rents are mazing cheap there this spring. Cousin Gabriel has hired a fine house for ten dollars a year, (payable in trade,) with the privelege of burning the kitchen for fire wood if he chuses. The church up the run has been done for some time, but dont go yet; there is a machinery preacher to try himself there next Sunday—there'll be an awful gathering of people. I'm told it is to be conscience created then. Also Cad told us that he sawn some members there dashing round in carriages, and fine clothes, who, when they are at home, ride round the country electioneering, with an old straw hat and hunting shirt on. Likewise he verifies—I was going to tell you something else, but I forgot. Ruth wishes you to remember to bring her a pair of prune-hell shoes, and a grape handkerchief—we expect there will be a smart choice of grapes this Summer. If you have the money to spare, please bring a pair of mama chop nankeen pantaloons, a pair of Webbs patent Sebenders, and a fallow net waste coat. Likewise Ruth wishes you to git her a black well wet spinster, and a white coloured robe with fluencies to it, either of tamborine, or needle work—also she says she wants a horn tortle shell side comb to wear on the back of her head. I cant hardly think of a most any thing else to written to you, and so excuse great haste, and bad spellin.

Your lovin brother to comand,

JOB OUISCONSIN.

The Back-woodsman in Washington.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78.)

"Farewell ye gilded follies,
Farewell ye honoured rags."

Mr. Nondescript: the period has at length arrived when I must depart from your city. I must go home—my Bolivar and cossacks are soiled and thread bare, my Lafayette hat and Jackson boots nearly worn out, and old Buckskin is as lank as a deer out of season, or a withered pepper pod. I feel dispirited Mr. Nondescript—as sad and lonely as a new weaned colt. And now that I am in the mood, let me once again moralize a little—indulge me if you please in a moral extacy of but five minutes. I believe it is Solomon who, in relation to the things of the world hath said, "it is all vanity" and—but stop, let me refer to the book. * * * *

How unfortunate! Well, I would have sworn it was the Bible—it is just the size, and looks like it,—but it is a villainous book of Congressional speeches, and has at once knocked upon the head every thing like a social or christian feeling.—So adieu moral reflections.

By the way I must thank you for the flattering manner in which you have taken notice of my contemplated code, but at the same time have to say, that, when I mentioned the matter to you, it was not intended to be made public; you have me fairly entrapped now, and I shall be compelled to execute the design. But I will go through it Mr. Nondescript, and in a way which I am determined shall do me credit. "A high thing indeed," will some of your readers say, "that a fellow who two months ago came here be-clad in linsey woolsey's, be-mocosin'd and be-legging'd like another Natty Bumpo,—ignorant of every thing pertaining to City customs or fashions, and who could scarcely tell a coal bearer from a Congressman, or a soap boiler from a Senator; should now forsooth pretend to compile for our government a code de beau monde"—"he had

better stick to his harvest homes, corn huskings and flax pullings."——Yes this will be the cry—but I am prepared to endure it,—it is a misery, a perplexity, we authors must expect—an unavoidable concomitant. I say I am not to be alarmed, I have not spent three months here for nothing,—have not gone to dinners and levees,—squeezes and socials, auctions and balls,— have not carded and been carded,—have not peeped through windows, key holes and crevices, have not hung out of the window to view the "roses, tulips, pinks and lillies" in their promenades,—have not, in short, suffered extremes of heat and cold—had my throat burnt and my stomach frozen,—submitted myself to all kinds of hazards, risks and mischances, for the mere thing a of womanish curiosity.—No, all this have I done for the sake of information—"in searching after knowledge," and I feel myself, whatever your readers may think to the contrary, quite competent to the task, and could at this moment,—*currente calamo*, give you a specimen.—

Job writes to me that it is corn planting—I had forgotten it,—I must go home Mr. Nondescript—I dare say you are sorry—how am I now to fulfil my various promises?—when make out my chapters of hints, &c. &c. ?—I can not do it soon, my whole attention must now be bestowed upon my code of fashion. By the way, since you have let the "bag out of the cat," I will give you some additional information. In their extreme necessity for something of the kind, I am actually going to address at the commencement of the next session of Congress, a circular to the members—both instructive and admonitory!——Dont stare, I am serious,—did ever a school boy need the ferula, cat o nine tails, or season'd rod, more than they do something of this kind? I mean to tell them *bon grè, mal grè*, just what I think—and among other things, shall inform them what particular degree of attention is due from a representative to his constituent—will let him know precisely how often his constituent must send the door keeper after him, and also the exact time that the shivering applicant can properly be detained in waiting, on one of your cold rainy days of winter, in that most admirable of all cells, nooks, and corners, that focus of doors and passages, that penitentiary like spot,—just without the folding doors of the splendid legislative hall! Why really, Mr. Nondescript, it is placing the independent citizen of our country on a par with the abject subject of some monarchy.—I have seen aged men, veterans of the revolution, with wearied limbs, stand shivering

at the door of the hall, and jostled about from "post to pillar," for an hour before they could even perhaps see the *door keeper*:—An impudent beggar, Mr. Nondescript, whose ostensive object in demanding it, is to procure himself the means of a debauch, frequently succeeds more readily in asking a shilling, than does a constituent in making a respectful application to see the Hon. member for whom he has voted.—The matter wants correction depend upon it.—You will think my "gall has been disturbed"—it has Mr. Nondescript—I was actually push'd over the other day by a crowd of members rushing into the little anti-room to get some of the soda, alias *stationary* water, which Uncle Sam is kindly made to give them—he would find it cheaper to buy Whiskey, and they would love him the better for it. I recollect that one of the members last winter, in a speech on the Panama question, jog'd Uncle Sam's memory about the soda water. He's a good old soul, I wonder why he don't buy the members their taffy and gingerbeard—they use a great deal of it.

Well, I can't say whether I am pleased or sorry that I have to go home. The City folks; I mean the boarding house keepers, landlords, tape sellers, hack drivers, and some *others*, begin to look very dull. I am told they get the gaps as bad as young turkeys, as soon as Congress breaks up. Heigh ho!—I fear I shall catch the infection—I feel very bad,—the weather is confoundedly warm, and I doubt I shall have to foot it home,—I tried to borrow some money of one of the members, but I could not: I believe they all go home in debt—this gambling is a losing and an illusive business. Poor old buckskin has given up the last ghost of a six-pence, and is no longer worthy of my care or friendship—it makes me as melancholy as a lugged bear, or a caged wolf, and to look at his lean and emaciated figure.

Job has been pestering me again with some inquiries; he wants to know a great many things which I can't tell him, and so I copy his letter for you, with a hope that some one capable of answering the inquiries will attend to them.

You must excuse the brevity of this letter, really I am altogether out of the key—dull as a beetle, and as unfit for social intercourse as a kicking horse—'tis the intolerably hot weather, and the want of the *ways* and *means*—but no matter.

I remain yours as ever,

JOHN QUISCONSIN†

Valedictory.

Farewell my friends, I must be gone!—PILGRIM'S HYMN.

Farewell!—OTHELLO.

Fare thee well!—BYRON.

Nay then farewell, I've touched the highest point

Of all my greatness!—WOOLSEY.

Farewell!—CLEOPATRA.

Vale! Vale!

1.

Farewell to long speeches! farewell to strange faces!
 Oratorical tropes, and rhetorical graces!
 Farewell to the statesmen, so various in powers!
 Farewell to the tongue that would wag on for hours!
 The tongue that lov'd truth with so *true* a devotion,
 That to make the world think so, 'twas always in motion!
 As keen after falsehoods, howe'er you might gloss 'em,
 As a raw backwoods' hunter, behind an opossum!
 Farewell to tart charge, and still tarter reply—
 The conflict of word, and rejoinder of eye—
 To the floor where so many have struggled and fell
 In political contest—a six months farewell!

2.

Farewell to the orator, green from the West,
 His phrase, like his person, in coarse homespun drest—
 To the lights of the South, that keep weak hearts in terror,
 Like comets in brightness, like comets in error—
 To the stars of the East, over murk and mist throwing
 A mild cheerful lustre, benignantly glowing.
 Farewell to the hot heads, which blaze and expire,
 Like a turpentine knot, in a crater of fire!
 Farewell to the witty, the wise and the cold!
 To the quiet, the factious, the timid, the bold!
 To the heat that can fire, to the ice that can quell—
 To the *olla podrida*, a six months farewell!

3.

Farewell to the logic that never grows old!
 Farewell to the proverbs, ten thousand times told!

Farewell to the metaphors breaking all rules—
 To the sophisms of law, and the tropes of the schools!
 Farewell to all quarrels, and quarrel-suborners!
 Farewell to all caucuses held in dark corners!
 Farewell to the pillars, and all their white caps!
 Farewell to plans, digests, laws, journals and maps!
 Farewell to the lamps which scarce ever give light!
 Farewell to the clock that scarce ever goes right!
 To the carpets, and chairs which were fill'd passing well,
 And the desks and the sofas, a six months farewell!

4.

Farewell to gilt paper, half siz'd, and half prest!
 To tape of the coarsest, and wax not the best!
 To pens always gaping, and white handle seals,
 To wafers that stick not, and ink that congeals!
 Farewell to committee rooms, made for all uses!
 Farewell to the lobbies and all their abuses!
 Farewell to the Speaker that rules this great Babel!
 Farewell to the bills that are laid on the table!
 Farewell to short prayers that make shorter impressions!
 Farewell to long fasts the sure cause of long sessions,
 To the magical mace, and the door-keeper's bell,
 And the *belles* in the gallery, a six months farewell!

5.

Farewell to the dome, and the circular hall!
 To Eliza—her cordials, and well furnish'd stall!
 Farewell to the clerks—a redoubtable host,
 To Burch and to Berry, Sprigg, Fletcher and Frost!
 Farewell to hard talking, hard thinking and care!
 Farewell to the bald Eagle over the chair,
 Farewell to free dinners, and sparkling Champaigne,
 Farewell to the joys of a midnight Campaign!
 Farewell to whist, ucre, and vingt-un and loo!
 And the set of good fellows that sat the night thro'!
 To boarding house, oyster room, auction, hotel,
 And raffles, and rebels, a six months farewell!

6.

Farewell to the Senate, so few yet so testy!
 Farewell to antithesis, joke and travestie!

To gibes that were scattered again and again !
To the clamours for order, incessant, tho' vain !
Farewell to the insults which none *might* impugn !
Which wan'd or increas'd with the march of the moon !
Farewell to the *Vice* who engrosses the chair !
And the *vicious* who often confronted him there !
Farewell to scenes acted at dignity's cost !
Farewell to brown stout, and to character, lost !
To the voice that so often rung decency's knell,
Clos'd lips and clos'd sittings, a six months farewell !

7.

Farewell to the ball-room—farewell to the squeeze,
At the Sunday night meetings, and Wednesdays levees !
Farewell to ambassadors, chargès and *Secs* !
Farewell to the sergeants at arms, and bank checks !
Farewell to the scenes where we triumph'd like Jove,
Alike in the empires of law and of love !
Farewell to all greatness, and homage, and power !
Farewell to the dreams which beguil'd for an hour !
Farewell to the grim looks, and diet so spare,
Of boarding house bills, and of boarding house fare !
To Cits of all classes, dolt, dandy and belle,
Clerks, tradesmen and idlers—a six months farewell !



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